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THE

NEW ROBINSON CRUSOE;

AN INSTRUCTIVE AND ENTERTAINING

HISTORY,

FOR THE USE OF

CHILDREN OF BOTH SEXES.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

Embellished with Thirty-two beautiful Cuts.

V O L II.

L O N D O N :

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THE
NEW ROBINSON CRUSOE.

SEVENTH EVENING.

THE following evening, before Mr. Billingsley began the continuation of Robinson Crusoe's history, he expressed himself thus: I hope, my dear children, that, in relating this history to you, I do not detain you from any employment more agreeable or improving. I would not put the least constraint on you; so that whenever our friend Robinson grows tiresome to you——

Edw. Tiresome, papa? It is impossible.

Mr. Bill. However, I observed some of you, yesterday evening, gape and yawn a good deal.

Geo. Oh! papa, the reason of that was, that we had worked very hard in our gardens all the afternoon, so that it was no wonder if we were a little sleepy towards night.

Edw. To-day we have only been weeding and watering our lettuce beds, so that we are quite fresh:

Harriet. Oh! quite fresh, papa; look how I can jump.

Mr. Bill. Well; you have only to tell me whenever this story begins to grow heavy or dull.

Rich. Oh! never fear; I'll warrant you.

Mr. Bill. Then I proceed.

As the heat was excessive in Robinson's island during the day time, he was obliged, whenever he undertook any thing laborious, to work at it very early in the morning, or else in the cool of the evening. He rose, therefore,

fore, before the sun, put fresh wood to his fire, and ate the half of a cocoa nut that he had left since the evening before. After this he intended to have put another joint of his lama on the spit; but he found the flesh already tainted, on account of the extraordinary heat. He was, therefore, obliged to go without the pleasure of eating meat for that day.

Upon this, he prepared to set out for the clay-pit; and, putting on his pouch, he found still remaining in it the potatoes which he had brought home two days before. He resolved to try the experiment of dressing them; so put them down close by his fire, and having covered them with hot ashes, he set out.

He worked so hard, that before twelve o'clock he had prepared as many bricks as he thought he should have occasion for, to complete the wall of his kitchen. He next went down to the beach to look for some oysters; but instead of oysters, of which he

found only very few, he discovered, to his great joy, another sort of food, much better than any that he had found yet.

Rich. What was that, papa?

Mr. Bill. It was an animal, the flesh of which, it is true, he had never tasted; but he had frequently heard that it was the most wholesome and delicious imaginable.

Rich. Well, then, what was it?

Mr. Bill. A turtle, and so large, that it is rare to see the like in those parts. It might weigh 100 lb.

Geo. Why, it must have been a monster of a turtle. Are there really such great ones?

Rich. Oh! yes; and much larger still. Have you forgot what papa read from Captain Cook's Voyages. The turtle that his people found in the South Seas weighed 300 lb.

Geo. 300 lb.—astonishing!

Mr. Bill. Robinson loaded his shoulders with his prize, and marched slowly homewards.

wards.—[See the Frontispiece to this Volume.]

—When he arrived at his cell, his first care was to come at the flesh of the turtle, which he did, at length, by cutting open, with his hatchet, the lower shell that covered its belly; he then killed it, and cut off a good part of it to roast, which, having fixed up on the spit, he waited with impatience until it was done, for his work had considerably sharpened his appetite.

While he turned the spit, he considered with himself what he must do with the rest of the turtle, to keep it from tainting. To salt it would have been the only effectual way, but then he had neither tub nor salt.

It filled him with concern to think that all that fine turtle, the flesh of which would nourish him for more than a week, must be unfit to eat the next day; and yet he could not think of any expedient to save it. All at once a thought struck him. The upper shell of the turtle was shaped like a large bowl. “That,” said he, “shall serve me

for a trough to salt it in—but where is the salt?

“Only think, what a great fool I must be!” cried he, striking his hand against his head; “cannot I steep this meat in sea-water, and will not that have the same effect, or nearly so, that brine would have? A lucky thought! a lucky thought!” cried he; and his joy made him turn the spit twice as fast as before.

His turtle was now nicely done. “Ah!” said Robinson, sighing, after he had tasted, with much satisfaction, a small bit of it which he thought very savoury, “if one had the least morsel of bread with this! How stupid was I, in my youth, not to know that we should thank God for a bit of dry bread! I was seldom contented if my bread was not loaded with butter, and even then, perhaps, I must have cheese. Oh idiot that I was! How happy should I now be with a piece of the blackest rye bread that ever was made in my country!”

While

While he was taken up with these reflections, he recollected the potatoes that he had left in the ashes before he went out in the morning. "Let us see," said he, "how they will turn out;" and he took up one of them.

Here was new cause of rejoicing! The fruit, which was before so hard, was now become quite tender; and when he opened it, the smell was so pleasing, he never hesitated to conclude that the taste must be equally so. In effect, this root tasted as agreeable—as agreeable as —— Eh! Who will help me out with a simile?

Mr. Mered. As agreeable as a potatoe.

Mr. Bill. Even so. That settles it all in one word. In short, Robinson perceived that this root, which was so agreeable to the taste, would supply the place of bread.

He made, therefore, a magnificent repast; after which, as the sun was burning hot, he threw himself on the bed for a while, to consider at his ease what work he

should begin when the violence of the heat was over.

"What piece of work," said he, "should I undertake at present? The sun must harden my bricks before I can begin my wall. The best way then, certainly, will be to go and kill a couple of lamas.—But what am I to do with such a quantity of meat?—What, if I should hang up some of it to dry in the smoke of my kitchen?—Excellent!" cried he; and with these words he bounced from his bed, and sat down in the front of his intended kitchen, to deliberate on the means of succeeding in this plan.

He presently saw that the thing might be done well enough. He had only to leave two holes in the walls that he was to build, and through them to run a large stick across. It was an easy matter to hang his hams and fitches upon this, and the smoke of the chimney would do the rest. This happy thought was near turning his head with joy.

ROBINSON CRUSOE. II

joy. What would he have given that his bricks were already hard enough, that he might begin the grand work that very moment! But there was no help for it; he must be content to wait until the sun hardened his bricks.

Something, however, must be done to employ the time. While he meditated what that should be, a fresh thought struck him, which by far surpassed, in cleverness, all that he had hitherto conceived. And he was astonished at his folly in not having hit upon it before.

Rich. What was it, then?

Mr. Bill. No more than this; he resolved, in order that he might have company, and at the same time provide for his subsistence, to bring up some tame animals.

Geo. Ah! some of the lamas, I dare say.

Mr. Bill. Right. In fact, these were the only animals that he had seen hitherto. As these lamas appeared already to be extremely tame, he hoped he should succeed in taking a couple of them alive.

Geo.

Geo. Oh! that would be delightful. I should like to be along with him, to have another couple.

Mr. Bill. But pray, George, how would you contrive it? They were hardly so tame as to let themselves be caught.

Geo. Then how did Robinson mean to do?

Mr. Bill. That was the very point that Robinson had many long and serious deliberations upon. But man, where an undertaking is not in itself absolutely impossible, man needs but to *will* seriously and with perseverance, and nothing is insurmountable to his understanding and industry; so great and manifold are the faculties with which our good Creator hath endowed us!

Attend to this, my dear children, and never despair of success in any labour or difficulty whatsoever, provided you take the firm resolution of not giving over until you have accomplished it. Unwearied application, constant reflection, and a courage that perseveres in spite of every obstacle, have

have often brought enterprizes to a period which were at first deemed impracticable. Never, therefore, suffer yourselves to be discouraged by the difficulties which you will meet with in the affairs of life; but always reflect that the more exertion it has cost to bring a business to a happy issue, the more joy one feels at having accomplished it.

Robinson soon succeeded in hitting upon a method to take the lamas alive.

Rich. What was it?

Mr. Bill. He proposed to make a noose upon a cord, and, hiding himself behind a tree, to throw the noose over the head of the first lama that should approach.

With this intent, he twisted a pretty strong cord, and in a few hours the cord and the noose were completed: he made a trial or two to see whether the noose would catch well, and it answered perfectly to his wish.

As the place by which the lamas were accustomed to pass, in their way to the water, was pretty far off, and because he was
not

not sure whether they would pass by there that evening, as it was about noon that he saw them go to drink before, he put off till next day the execution of his project: in the mean time he made the preparations requisite for the journey.

That is to say, he went to the spot where the potatoes grew, and filled his bag with them. Part of them he put down in the warm ashes to roast, and the rest he threw into a corner of his cave for a future store. In the next place, he cut off a pretty large piece of his turtle to serve for supper and the next morning's breakfast, and steeped what remained in sea water, which he had brought with him for the purpose.

Lastly, he dug a small hole in the ground, which was to be his cellar, for want of a better. In it he placed his turtle shell with the salted meat, placed over that the piece that he meant to roast for supper, and then covered the whole with small branches of trees.

For the rest of the afternoon, in order to
refresh

refresh his spirits, he indulged himself with an agreeable walk along the sea side, where there blew a fine fresh easterly breeze, which rendered the air agreeably cool. His eyes traversed with pleasure the immense ocean, whose surface was then gently agitated by small waves following each other in slow succession to the shore. He turned his eyes fondly towards the part of the world where his dear country was situated, and a few trembling tears trickled down his cheeks at the remembrance of his beloved parents.

“What are they doing now, those poor disconsolate parents?” cried he, bathed in tears, and clasping his hands together. “If they have survived the bitter sorrow which I unhappily have caused them, alas! what grief consumes their days! How must they sigh to behold themselves childless; to see their last, their only son, become a traitor to their love, and abandoning them forever! Oh my dearest, best of fathers! my tender, affectionate mother! pardon, ah, pardon

pardon your unhappy son for thus afflicting you! And thou, O Heavenly Father, at present my only father, my only society, my only support and protector!—[here he threw himself upon his knees in the posture of adoration]—Oh, my Creator, shed thy most precious blessings, shed all the happiness which thou hast destined for me, and of which I have rendered myself unworthy, shed them upon my dear parents, whom I have so grievously offended, and thus console them for their sufferings. Ah! how cheerfully will I endure whatever dispensation it shall please thy wisdom and mercy to appoint for me in order to my future amendment, could but my poor parents, who are innocent, be made happy!”

He remained a little longer on his knees, looking up to Heaven in silent grief, and his eyes swimming in tears. At length he rose, and, with his knife of flint, he cut out upon the tender bark of a tree that was at hand, the much-loved names of his parents. Over them he placed these words,
“ God.

"God bless you!" and below, "Mercy to your lost son!" After that, his lips, warm with affection, kissed the names which he had cut out, and he bedewed them with his tears. He afterwards engraved these same names, which were so dear to him, upon a number of other trees in other parts of the island, and, from that time forward, he generally offered up his prayers at the foot of one of these trees, and never failed to remember his parents in them.

Geo. For once, I think, he behaved well.

Mr. Bill. He is, at present, in the fairest train to become an honest and good man, and for this he is indebted to the wise Providence of Heaven which conducted him hither.

Geo. He might now, therefore, return to his parents, if Providence thought fit.

Mr. Bill. God, who foresees every thing that will happen, knows best what is for the advantage of any man, and will regulate the events of his life accordingly. It is true,

true, circumstances have kindled a spark of virtue in Robinson's breast, but who can tell if other circumstances would not quickly extinguish this spark again; and if he was at this moment taken from his island, and restored to his father's house, who knows whether the infection of example and prosperity would not corrupt him once more? Oh, my children, how just is this precept, "Let him that standeth take heed lest he fall!"

While Robinson walked backwards and forwards on the beach, it occurred to him that he would do well to bathe himself. He therefore took off his cloaths; but how was he terrified on seeing the condition of his shirt, the only one that he had! As he had worn it without shifting for so long a time, and in so hot a climate, one could scarcely perceive that the linen had ever been white. Wherefore, before he bathed himself, he took care to wash this shirt as well as possible, and, having hung it upon a tree to dry, he jumped into the water.

He

He had learned to swim pretty early, so that, being perfect master of the exercise, he amused himself with swimming out to a good distance from shore towards a neck of land that extended pretty far into the sea, and upon which he had never been yet.

Charlotte. A neck of land? What is that?

Mr. Bill. We give that name to a long piece of land, one end of which joins an island or a continent, and the other stretches out into the sea. You understand?

Charlotte. Oh, perfectly.

Mr. Bill. This thought of Robinson's was very lucky; for he found that the neck of land was, during the time of high water, entirely covered, and that, on the ebbing of the tide, a considerable quantity of turtles, oysters, and muscles, were left behind. This time, indeed, he could not carry any of them away, neither did he want them at present, as his kitchen was sufficiently stored: however, the discovery
of

of them afforded him no small degree of satisfaction.

That part of the sea in which he swam abounded with fish so plentifully that he could almost have caught them with his hands. If he had had a net he might have taken them by thousands; however, though he had none, he hoped, as he had been hitherto so fortunate in all his undertakings, that he might one day or other be master of a fishing net.

Satisfied with these discoveries, he came out of the water, after having been a full hour in it. The heat of the sun had entirely dried his shirt, and he had the pleasure once more of putting on clean linen.

But, as he had contracted the habit of reflecting upon every thing, he considered that this pleasure could not last very long; for, having but one shirt, he was obliged to wear it constantly, and, when it was worn out, he had none to replace it. This reflection damped his joy a good deal; nevertheless, he took courage, and after he had

had dressed himself, returned to his habitation, frequently repeating to himself, "The Lord be praised for all things!"

Rich. He is right now not to suffer himself to be cast down or despond, but to put a reasonable trust in Providence.

Harriet. Oh, how I should like to see Robinson. I am very fond of him.

Geo. If papa would only give me paper, I should like to write him a letter.

Edw. So would I too.

Rich. And I; it would give me great pleasure to write to him.

Harriet. Well, so it would me, if I knew how to write.

Mrs. Bill. My dear, you shall tell me what you would say to him; I will write for you.

Harriet. Oh, thank ye, mama, that will do charmingly.

Mrs. Bill. Come, then, I will give you all paper.

Upon this, they retired to the next room for about half an hour, at the end of

of which time they all returned in great spirits, with each his letter in his hand.

Harriet. Here, papa, here is my letter, pray be so good as to read it.

Mr. Billingsley reads:

“ My dear Robinson,

“ Take pains to be industrious and good, that will please every body, and especially your father and mother. You now see how useful it is to suffer a little hardship. George and Richard send their compliments to you; so do Henry and Edward. Come some day and see us, I will then tell you more. HARRIET.”

Geo. Now mine, papa: here it is.

Mr. Billingsley reads:

“ My dear friend,

“ We wish you all the happiness possible, and as soon as I get some pocket-money I will buy you something. And go on, as you have begun, to be a good lad. I send you along with this some bread; and take care not to fall sick. How is your health?

I wish

I wish you well, dear Robinson, though I do not know you ; yet I like you very well, and am your faithful friend,

GEORGE BILLINGSLEY.

Twickenham, Feb. 7, 1788."

Edw. Well, here is mine ; but I fear it is too short.

Mr. Billingsley reads :

" Dear Robinson,

" I am sorry that you are so unfortunate. If you had staid at home, these misfortunes would never have happened. Take care of yourself, and return as soon as possible to your dear parents. Once more, take care of yourself. I am your faithful friend,

EDWARD BILLINGSLEY."

Rich. Now mine. It is my turn next.

Mr. Billingsley reads :

" Honoured Robinson,

" I pity you very much, that you are thus separated from every living creature.

I suppose you are sorry for it yourself at pre-

sent. I wish, with all my heart, that you may be able, some day or other, to return to your dear parents. Fail not, for the future, to put your trust in Providence on all occasions: you will fare the better for it. I say, again, take care of your health.

I am,

Your sincere friend,

RICHARD BILLINGSLEY.

Twickenham, Feb. 7, 1788."

Henry. Mine, I am afraid, is good for nothing.

Mr. Bill. Let us see.

Henry. I only wrote a few words in a hurry, that I might have done as soon as the rest.

Mr. Billingsley reads:

"My dear Mr. Crusoe,

"How goes the world with you yonder in your island? I am told you have met with a good many turns of fortune. You cannot tell yet, I suppose, whether your island is inhabited or not? I should be very glad to know. I understand too that you have

have found a great lump of gold ; but there in your island it is of no service to you.”—

[*Mr. Bill.* You might have added, nor here in Europe neither. The greatest quantity of gold that a man can possess will never render him either better or happier.]—“ It would have been better for you had you found some iron instead of it : you could, then, have made yourself a knife, a hatchet, and other tools. I wish you well ;

And am,

Your faithful friend,

HENRY BILLINGSLEY,

Twickenham, Feb. 7, 1788.”

Geo. But now, after all, how are we to send our letters ?

Harriet. We need only give them to some captain of a ship that is going to South America ; and then too we can send him something. I will send him some apples and some walnuts. You’ll give me some for him—won’t you, mama ?

Rich. (whispering his father) They are

so soft as to think that Robinson Crusoe is still alive.

Mr. Bill. My dear children, I thank you, in Robinson's name, for the kindness that you shew him; but as to these letters, it won't be in my power to send them.

Geo. La! why not?

Mr. Bill. By reason that Robinson has been long since in heaven, and his body is returned to dust.

Geo. Ah! what, is he dead? and but just now he has been bathing himself!

Mr. Bill. You forget, my dear George, that what I relate to you concerning Robinson Crusoe, happened fifty years ago: so that he must have been dead a long time. But I am now writing his history, and shall take care to have your letters printed along with it.

Harriet. Oh! that will be charming. But in the mean time, I suppose, papa, you will go on telling us something of him.

Mr. Bill. With pleasure. I have things to tell you still that will please you as well

as

as what you have already heard. But for this evening, I think, we have had enough.

—Robinson, after bathing himself, went home to his dwelling place, ate his supper, said his prayers, and went to rest contentedly.

And it is time for us to do so too.

EIGHTH EVENING.

Mr. Bill. Well, where did we leave off last night?

Henry. Where Robinson went to bed after bathing.

Mr. Bill. Oh! right.—Well, then, Robinson rose the next morning early, and prepared for the chase. He furnished his pouch with plenty of roasted potatoes, and a good large slice of roasted turtle, which he wrapped up in the leaves of the cocoa-nut

tree. Next he slung his hatchet by his side, tied the cord, which he had made the day before for catching the lamas, round his waist, took his umbrella in his hand, and began his march.

It was very early; he resolved, therefore, for this time, to take a round, in order to make himself acquainted with some other parts of his island. Amongst the numbers of various birds that fluttered about the trees, he remarked some parrots, the colours of whose plumage were extraordinary beautiful. How did he wish to have one of them that he might tame it, and have it for his companion! But the old ones were too cunning to be caught, and he could no where discover a nest with young ones. He was obliged, therefore, to put off the gratification of this wish until some other opportunity.

In return for this disappointment, he discovered, in the course of his walk, a thing much more necessary to him than a parrot; for, getting to the top of a hill near the seaside, and looking down between the cracks
of

of the rock, he saw something lie on the ground which excited his curiosity. He let himself down by the assistance of his feet and hands, and found, to his great satisfaction, that it was—what do you think?

Henry. Pearls, perhaps.

Rich. Yes, truly, the sight of pearls would have given him great satisfaction! Perhaps it was iron.

Edw. Nay, do not you know that iron is not to be found in hot climates? It was, perhaps, another lump of gold.

Harriet. Nonsense! Would that have made him glad? Gold was of no use to him, you heard before.

Mr. Bill. I see you will not be able to guess, then; I will tell you. What he found was—salt.

Hitherto he had, it is true, in some respect, supplied the want of salt with sea-water; but, after all, *that* was not salt. The sea-water has a bitter taste which is very disagreeable; and, besides, it was a mistake to think that meat salted in this manner would

keep; because sea-water, as well as that of a spring or river, grows stinking after it has stood some time. It was, therefore, a very lucky thing that he found some real salt, and he filled both his pockets with it, in order to supply himself with a stock for immediate use.

Geo. How did that salt come there, papa?

Mr. Bill. Then you do not remember what I told you one day concerning the original of salt?

Rich. Oh! yes; I recollect it still. Some they take out of the earth, some they make of salt-water that flows in springs, and some, again, is made from sea-water.

Mr. Bill. Now, the salt made from sea-water is either prepared by men or by the sun.

Geo. The sun?

Mr. Bill. Yes; for when any sea-water is left upon the land, after a high tide, or a flood, the sun makes the water by degrees to evaporate, and what remains on the spot is then salt.

Harriet.

Harriet. Well, that is comical.

Mr. Bill. See with what kindness Heaven provides for us! That which we can least do without, does always require the least preparation by art, and is always found in the greatest abundance.

Robinson went in high spirits to the place where he hoped to noose a lama. When he came there, he saw none; but then it was not quite noon. He sat down, therefore, at the foot of a tree to regale himself with his roast turtle and potatoes. How much more savoury did they taste to him now that he had a little salt to eat with them!

Just as he had finished his meal, the lamas appeared at a distance, coming towards him with skips and bounds. Robinson quickly placed himself in a posture of attack, and waited with his noose ready for the approach of one of the lamas. Several had passed him beyond his reach; but, all at once, there came up one so near to him, that he scarce needed more than to drop
 B 5 the

the noose to have him fast in it. He did so, and that moment the lama was his prisoner.

The poor beast would have bleated, but lest that should frighten the rest, Robinson pulled the noose so tight, that the lama was completely silenced. He then dragged it as fast as he could into a thick coppice to hide it from the rest.

This lama was a female, and had two young ones, which followed her, to the great satisfaction of Robinson, and did not appear to be the least afraid of him. He patted the pretty little things, and they—just as if they would have begged of him to let their mother go—licked his hands.

Geo. Well, then, I think he might have let her go.

Mr. Bill. He would have been a great fool in doing so.

Geo. Nay, the poor creature had done him no harm however.

Mr. Bill. But he had occasion for it; and you know, my dear George, we are permitted

permitted to make use of animals in case of need, provided we do not abuse them.

Robinson was transported with joy at having so happily attained his object. He dragged the creature along with all his strength, though she jumped and skipped a good deal to get from him, and the two little ones followed quietly behind. The shortest way was now the best for Robinson, and, pursuing that, he at length arrived happily at his dwelling place.

But here started a difficulty. How was he to get the lama into his enclosure, which, as we have said before, was so strongly barricaded all round? To sling it down from the top of the rock, by means of a cord, was not at all adviseable; the poor animal might be strangled in the way. Robinson resolved, therefore, to make up a little stable near his place of abode, and there to keep the lama and her young ones, until he should be able to suit his conveniency better.

In the mean time he fastened the animal to a tree, and immediately fell to work; that

is to say, he cut down with his hatchet of flint a number of young trees, and fixed them in the ground, so close, one beside the other, that they formed a pretty strong wall. While this was doing, the lama lay down through weariness, and the little ones, no way troubled at their being prisoners, were sucking quite unconcerned, and feasting themselves at their ease.

What a pleasing sight was this to Robinson ! Above a dozen times he stopped from his work to look at the pretty little creatures, and thought himself beyond measure happy in having some animated beings to bear him company. From this moment his life seemed no longer solitary, and the joy which he felt from this reflection, gave him such strength and activity, that his stable was very soon finished : he then put the lama and her young ones into it, and closed up the last opening with branches firmly interwoven.

What was his satisfaction now ! It is impossible for words to describe it. Besides

fides the company of the lamas, which of itself was a valuable thing, he promised himself many other great advantages, and with much reason: for in time he might perhaps learn to make some sort of cloathing with the wool of these animals; he might use their milk for food, he might make butter and cheese of it. It is true, he did not yet know by what means he should attain these objects, which were still so far distant; but he had already experienced that no man should despair of his skill or performance, provided he gives his whole mind to the work, and applies to it with persevering attention.

There wanted still one thing to complete his happiness: he wished to be in the same enclosure with his dear lamas, that he might have them always before his eyes when he was at home, and enjoy the satisfaction of seeing them grow fond of his company.

He puzzled himself a long time to find how he should accomplish this: at length, his determination was to break down one side
of

of his wall of trees, not grudging whatever labour it might cost him, and to make another wall that would take in a larger space. This alteration, besides, would give him more room, and make him more at his ease. But in order to be secure from all accidents while he was working at his new hedge, he prudently resolved not to break the old wall until he had finished the new. *And would not*

Thanks to his indefatigable pains, the work was finished in a few days, and then Robinson had the satisfaction of being in the same habitation with his three domestic companions. This, however, did not make him forget his first companion, the spider, which he provided every day with gnats and flies. The spider, soon perceiving that he used her as a friend, grew so tame, that, whenever he touched her web, she would come out and receive from his hand the fly that he held to her. *And would not*

The lama also and its young ones soon grew fond of his society. As often as he returned home, they came jumping to meet him; they would

would smell about him to find whether he had brought them any thing, and gratefully lick his hand whenever he gave them fresh grafs or young branches to eat.

After this he weaned the young ones, and then began to milk the dam regularly morning and evening. His cocoa-nut shells served him for pails and milk pans, and this milk, which he used partly sweet and partly curdled, contributed not a little, by its agreeable taste and nourishing quality, to render his solitary life still more tolerable.

As his cocoa-nut tree was useful to him in so many respects, he was extremely desirous to find a method of producing more of them. But how was he to contrive it? He had often heard of grafting trees, but the manner in which it was done had never excited his curiosity. "Oh," said he to himself, "how little is the advantage that I have reaped from the years of my childhood, when I had time and opportunity to have learnt so much! Ah! if I had known my own interest better, should I not have taken notice

notice of every thing that I saw or heard? And if my capacity did not allow me to arrive at the height of learning which many men attain, I should at least have come near it; and how useful would every thing that I could have learnt be to me at this present moment! Oh! if I could grow young again, how attentive would I be to every thing that is executed by the hands or industry of men! There is not a trade nor an art of which I would not have endeavoured to learn some part."

But of what use were these wishes? The misfortune was now past remedy. It was, therefore, his business to exert himself in supplying by his own invention what he wanted in skill; and this, in effect, was the course that he took.

Without knowing whether he was right or wrong, he cut off the tops of two or three young trees; in the middle of the trunk he made a small slit, in which he stuck a young twig from the cocoa-nut tree; he then covered round with thin bark the
place

place where he had made the slit, and waited with impatience for the result of his labour. This, too, succeeded with him. After some time the suckers began to bud, and now he had found a method to produce a whole grove of cocoa-nut trees.

Here was a fresh cause for rejoicing, and for entertaining the most lively gratitude towards our Creator, who has implanted in the nature of things such virtues and qualities, that living creatures are no where in want of means to preserve themselves, and render their condition agreeable.

Both the old lama and the young were in a short time grown as tame as dogs. He began, therefore, by little and little, as occasion required, to make them serve for carrying burthens, especially whenever he went out for any thing that would have been too much trouble for himself to carry.

Rich. Ay; but how could he take them with him when there was no way for them to go out of the enclosure?

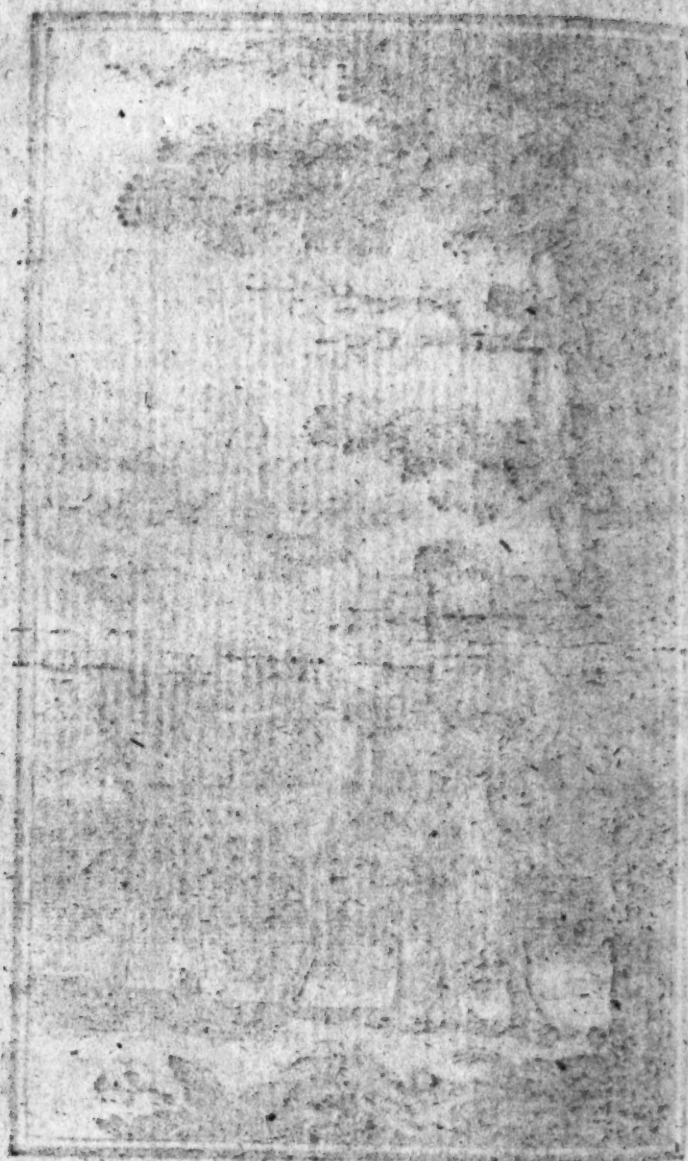
Mr. Bill. I forgot to tell you, that, in the
new

new wall, at a part where it touched a close thicket, he had left an opening where a lama could barely squeeze itself out. This hole was not to be seen from without, and every evening Robinson closed it up with branches strongly interwoven together.

It was delightful to see Robinson coming home to his habitation, and his lama walking before him. She was soon able to find the way as well as her master, and when she came to the little door she stopped first to be unloaded, and then crept in upon her belly, Robinson following by the same passage. Then was the joy of the young lamas complete; they expressed their satisfaction by jumping and bleating, and would run first to their mother to welcome her home, then to their master to caress him also. Robinson, on such occasions, would mix his joy with theirs, as a father rejoices over his children when he clasps them in his arms once more after an absence of some time.

Mr. Rose. It must be confessed, there is some-





something very instructive and affecting in this gratitude of animals towards a man who has done them a kindness.

Mr. Bill. There are several examples of it which are extremely striking, and would almost induce us to believe that some beasts are really endued with thought like men, if we had not, on the other hand, proofs of the contrary.

Henry. Ay; for instance, the lion and the man mentioned in SANDFORD and MERTON—what was the man's name?

Rich. Androcles.

Henry. The same. He had plucked a thorn out of the lion's paw.

Geo. There was a good lion! He was so fond of Androcles, who had done him that service; and ever after, in return, he did the man no harm when he had it in his power to devour him. If they were all like him, I should like to have a lion myself.

Rich. For my part, I like much better the dog that belonged to a Swiss.

Harriet. What dog?

Rich.

Rich. Have you forgot him? The dog that saved the lives of two men.

Harriet. Dear Richard, tell us that story.

Rich. There was once a man in Switzerland, where those high mountains the Alps are. Well, the man climbed up to the top of one of them, which was prodigious high; Oh, it was as high, as high—as if you were to put St. Paul's upon itself ten times over.

Geo. You leave out one thing, brother; he took a guide with him.

Rich. Certainly, he took a guide—well, and the guide took his dog. Now, when they had reached the top of the mountain——

Geo. Yes, and the mountain was covered with snow——

Rich. Pray hold your tongue—Well, then, the mountain was all covered with snow. Now, when they were almost at the top, the gentleman slipped, and the guide going to his assistance slipped too, and so then they both slipped and slid until they were within a few yards of the edge of the precipice,
from

from which they would have fallen down almost a mile before they touched the bottom. But then the good dog seized his master by the skirt of his coat, and held him fast, so that he could not slip any farther, and he held the gentleman until they both got up.

Geo. Well, now you must tell us what the gentleman said; I have not forgot it.

Rich. Nor I neither. He invited the guide to come and see him as often as he pleased at his house, and charged him never upon any account to forget bringing his dog, as he intended, whenever he came, to give him a good belly-full.

Harriet. And did the gentleman do so?

Rich. Yes, certainly: as often as the guide visited him, he entertained him in the best manner he could, and was always sure to give the dog a full belly.

Harriet. That was well done.

Mr. Bill. Well, my dear children, we have lost sight of Robinson. Shall we stop here for this evening?

Geo.

Geo. Oh, dear papa, no. A little more of Robinson, let it be ever so little.

Mr. Bill. By this time his bricks were hard enough to be used. He looked, therefore, for some chalky earth, with which, instead of lime, he intended to make mortar for his wall; and he found some. In the next place, he made himself a trowel of a flat stone, and, being resolved to have every thing complete that belongs to a bricklayer, he went so far even as to make a square and a plummet, but not in a bungling manner; as perfect as possible. You know, I suppose, what those things are?

Edw. Oh, as to that matter, we have seen them pretty often.

Mr. Bill. Having, therefore, finished all the preparatives requisite for his masonry, he made his lama bring home the bricks that he had occasion for.

Rich. But how was he able to put the bricks upon the lama?

Mr. Bill. Why, indeed, you would not easily

easily guess how he contrived it, therefore I think it best to tell you at once.

He had long observed that it would be a very great advantage to him to know something of the useful art of weaving wicker panniers; but he had taken so little notice in his youth of the manner in which basket-makers work, that he knew as much of this art, which, nevertheless, is tolerably easy, as he did of all the other useful arts, that is to say, he knew nothing about it.

However, as he had once succeeded in making an umbrella by this sort of weaving, he frequently afterwards amused himself in his leisure hours with trials of the same kind, by dint of which he discovered at length the whole mystery of the art, so as to be able to make a pretty tight pannier. Two of these he had woven on purpose for his lama to carry. He fastened them together with a string, and laid them upon the lama in such a manner that they hung down one on each side.

Geo. Oh, papa! I should like to learn basket-making.

Mr. Bill. Well, then, I will speak to a basket-maker, the first time I meet one, to come here and give you some lessons.

Geo. Oh, that will be charming! And then I will make a beautiful little work basket for Harriet.

Harriet. And I will learn to make them too, papa, shan't I?

Mr. Bill. By all means; it can do you no harm. In effect, we sometimes have an idle hour upon our hands, when this basket-making would come in quite seasonably.

Robinson then fell to his bricklaying, in which he succeeded tolerably well. He had now built up one of the side walls of his kitchen, and laid the foundation of the other, when all of a sudden there happened something which he had never dreamt of, and which terribly disappointed all his plans.

Rich.

Rich. I wonder what that accident was.

Harriet. Oh! I know it. The savages came and ate him up.

Geo. Mercy on us! was it that, papa?

Mr. Bill. No, it was not that. But it was something that frightened him almost as much as if the savages were come to roast him alive.

Rich. Dear me! what was it?

Mr. Bill. It was night, and Robinson on his bed of hay slept soundly, with his lamas at his feet. The moon shone out in all its splendor, the air was clear and calm, and a profound silence reigned over all nature. Robinson, fatigued with the toils of the day, was fallen into a sweet slumber, and dreaming, as usual, of his dear parents, when suddenly——but let us not close this evening's entertainment with an event so full of terror; we might, perhaps, dream of it, and have our sleep disturbed. Rather let us turn our thoughts to something more

agreeable, that we may end the day in joy and gratitude to our good Father who is in heaven.

NINTH EVENING.

MR. BILLINGSLEY having brought the history of the **NEW ROBINSON CRUSOE** down to the end of the preceding evening, it now happened that business indispensably called him away for several evenings successively, and prevented him from resuming the story, much to the disappointment of his young family.

They were quite impatient to know what this was that had happened to poor Robinson, and they would any of them have given their favourite plaything to be informed of the events of that dreadful night, concerning

ing which Mr. Billingsley had so long kept silence. Unfortunately, it was not in the power of any other person but their father to inform them, and he thought proper to say nothing of it until he should have time to continue the story regularly as usual.

Their conjectures were endless, and only served to puzzle them more and more. One guessed this thing, another that; but none of their guesses agreed entirely with the circumstances which they already knew of this mysterious adventure.

"But why should we not know the whole?" said some of them, in a very piteous tone.

"I have my reasons," answered their father.

The children were, by a prudent education, accustomed to be satisfied with this answer, and therefore pressed no farther, but waited with a guarded impatience for the moment when the cause of their father's silence should no longer exist. Mean time, as it is easy for a grown-up person to read the thoughts of children, Mr. Billingsley could clearly perceive what passed

in their minds. The following reflection was written, as it were, upon the forehead of each of them: "Why does our papa refuse us this satisfaction? What reasons can he have for not gratifying our curiosity?" He thought proper, therefore, upon this occasion, to convince them once more that he did not want the inclination to make them as happy as lay in his power, and to shew them that he had reasons of importance for not continuing the story.

"Prepare yourselves," said he, "to set off to-morrow morning very early on a party down the river for Greenwich. You have often wished to see it, and to-morrow I propose to indulge you."

"Down the river?—To Greenwich?—In a boat?—What I, papa?—Shall I go?—And I?" asked all the children with one voice; and a general "Yes" having satisfied all their questions, they ran, quite transported with joy, to communicate the news to their mama, and to make the necessary preparations for their voyage.

"To

"To Greenwich! to Greenwich! Where are my half-boots? Jenny, where are my gloves? Quick! the brush! the comb! We are going to Greenwich! Quick! quick!" Nothing was to be heard all over the house, but these expressions of joy and impatience.

Every thing, therefore, was prepared for the next day's party; and the young travellers, in the fulness of their joy, asked a thousand questions, without waiting for a single answer. They were, at length, however, prevailed on to go to bed for that night, their impatience being so great, that they were already wishing for the morning to set out on their journey.

At length the morning appeared, and the whole house was in motion. Nothing was heard but knocking at each other's bed rooms; so that they were all very soon obliged to rise and dress themselves.

When the whole party, old and young, were assembled, and the former were almost devoured with caresses by the latter; Mr. Billingsley rubbed his eyes, and in a

tone of voice which breathed most sorrowful discord to the accents of universal joy, he said, "My dear children, if you would do me a favour, you would excuse me to-day from performing my promise."

"What promise? what promise?"—and each mouth that asked this question remained open in anxious expectation, accompanied with a sort of fright.

Mr. Bill. The promise that I made to you of going to Greenwich to-day.

The astonishment and confusion of the younger part of the company was complete. Not one could utter a syllable.

Mr. Bill. I have been thinking last night that we should do wrong to go on this party to-day.

The Children. Why so, papa?—and they could hardly speak for sobs.

Mr. Bill. I will tell you, and then leave it to yourselves to judge. In the first place, we have had, for some time past, an easterly wind (and, I find, it is in the same point this morning), which makes the river extremely rough,

rough, and must be very disagreeable to a party that are going down.

The Children. But, papa, the wind may change still.

Mr. Bill. Besides, I considered, that, if we were to stop another month, we should see many of the East India ships, that are to sail this year, dropping down to Deptford; and I know two or three captains of them; we might, perhaps, dine aboard of one, which would be very agreeable—would it not?

The Children. Yes, papa—but—

Mr. Bill. But I have still a stronger reason. You know, Charles and Arthur Stanfield, your first cousins, whom you have never seen yet, are to come out of Cheshire shortly, and spend a month with us; would it not be infinitely better to wait for their coming, and take them with us? Would they not, as often as we should speak to them of the agreeableness of our party, sigh and wish that they had been there too? And, in that case, would the

remembrance of our day's pleasure cause us much satisfaction? No; certainly not. On the contrary, we should always be sorry within ourselves, that we had not done by them as we could wish them to do with regard to us, were we actually in their place and they in ours. Therefore, what say you?

A profound silence.

Mr. Billingsley goes on. You know, I never broke my word with you; so that, if you insist upon it, we shall set off. But if you would, of your own accord, quit me of my promise, you would do me a kindness; and you would do your cousins a kindness, and yourselves. Therefore speak—What is to be done?

“We will wait” was the answer; and, consequently, the fine party of pleasure was put off till another time.

It was easy to be seen that this victory over themselves had cost some of them dear: these were far from being as cheerful as usual the rest of the day.

Mr. Billingsley

lingsley took occasion, therefore, towards evening, when they were all assembled, to speak to them in this manner :

“ My dear children, what has happened to you to-day, will happen to you frequently in the course of your lives. You will expect to enjoy this or that earthly advantage ; your hopes will appear as well founded as possible, and you will burn with impatience to realize them ; but, in the very moment when you think to touch this long-expected happiness, Divine Providence, which is supremely wise, will, in an instant, disappoint your designs, when you shall least expect it ; and thus you will find your too sanguine hopes many, many a time sadly frustrated.

“ The reasons which your heavenly Father will have to act thus with you, will seldom appear to you so clearly and distinctly as you have heard my reasons this morning for putting off our party to Greenwich : for God, being infinitely wise, looks to the most remote futurity ; and often, for our advantage, suffers things to happen, the

good effects of which we do not experience until long after, perhaps even in another world.

“Now, if every thing were to happen perfectly to your wish while you are young, and if you always obtained, at the exact moment, whatever was the object of your hopes, oh! my dears, how much the worse would it be for you during the remainder of your lives! How would your hearts be corrupted by such prosperity; and how unhappy would your affections, thus corrupted, make you at a time when things should not go quite to your liking! And such a time will come, my dears; it will come as certainly for you as it comes for all other men; for hitherto there has never been a man in the world, who could say that things have always succeeded with him completely, and according to the fulness of his wishes.

“In this case, then, what are we to do, my dear children?—No more than this; accustom yourselves, while you are young, to deprive yourselves frequently of a pleasure
which

which you would have given the world to enjoy. This victory over yourselves, often repeated, will strengthen your understandings and your affections in such sort, that, for the future, you will be able to support, with unshaken fortitude, whatever a wise and benevolent God shall appoint you for your good.

“ What I have said, will teach you, my dear children, to interpret many instances of our behaviour, which to you appear unaccountable, and which we, who are advanced in years, commonly adopt with regard to you. You have, no doubt, often been surprised at our refusing you a gratification for which, perhaps, you longed ardently. Sometimes we have told you the reasons of our refusal; that is, when you were capable of understanding them: and sometimes, on the other hand, we have not told you them; for instance, when you were too young to be able to understand them. And why did we do so? Often merely on purpose to exercise your patience and moderation, virtues

ties so necessary to all men, and to prepare you for the subsequent accidents of your lives.

“ You know now, also, why, for these few days past, I have forborne the recital of Robinson Crusoe’s History. I might certainly have found, at least, sufficient time to clear up to you the adventure with which I left off, and concerning which you have been, ever since, in a disagreeable uncertainty : but, you see, I did not tell you another word about it, though you frequently asked me, and it is always against my will that I refuse you any thing. Now, why did I do thus, Harriet ?”

Harriet. Because, papa, you had a mind to teach us patience.

Mr. Bill. Very right ! And most certainly, if ever you have cause to thank me for any thing, it will be for accustoming you thus to give up without regret any thing of which you have before ardently desired the possession.

A few days more passed without any talk
of

of going on with the story of Robinson Crusoe; but, at length, the hour so earnestly longed for arrived, when Mr. Billingsley was no longer prevented by business or otherwise from satisfying the general wish. He went on, therefore, without interruption, in these words:

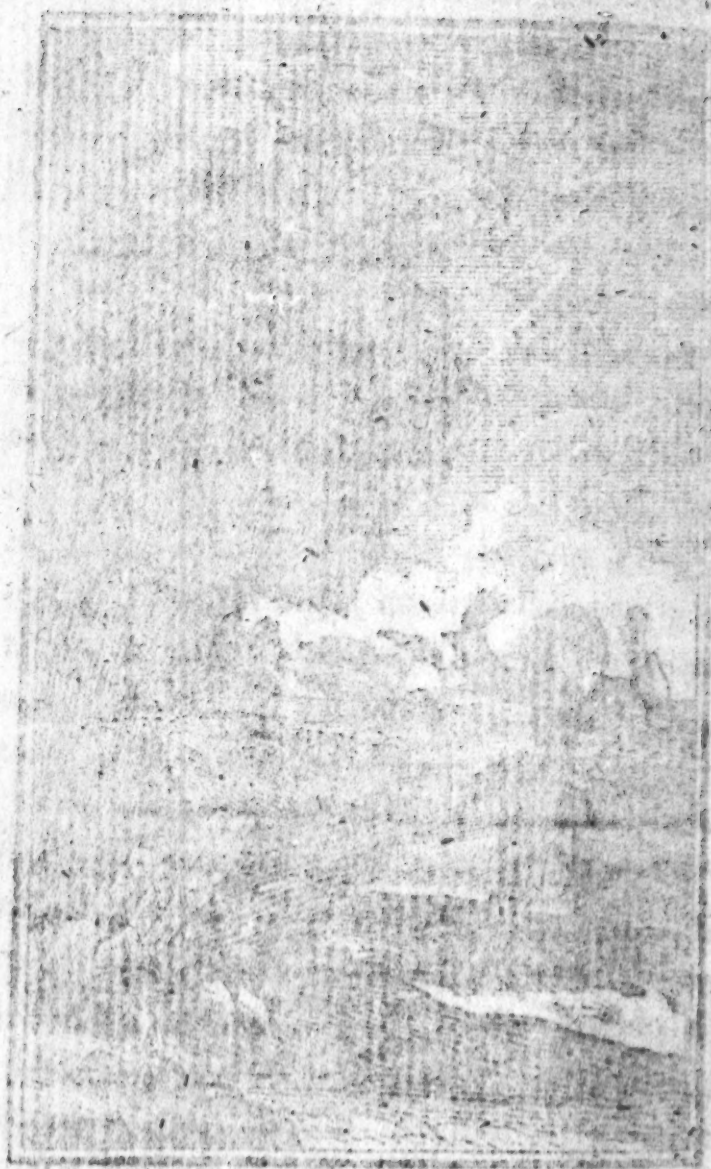
It was night, as I told you at my leaving off, and Robinson was quietly stretched on his bed of dry grass, with his faithful lamas at his feet. A deep calm overspread all the face of nature, and Robinson, according to his custom, was dreaming of his parents, when, all at once, the earth shook in an uncommon manner, and a rumbling noise was heard, together with dreadful cracks, as if many storms burst forth all at once. Robinson started up in a fright, and jumped out of bed without knowing what was the matter, nor where he was going. At this moment happened a dreadful shock of the earth, which was succeeded by several others equally violent. The rumbling noise also continued, which seemed to come from
under

under ground. At the same time arose a furious hurricane, which tore up trees, and even rocks, and agitated the very depths of the roaring sea. All the elements seemed to be at war with each other, and nature to approach her final dissolution.

Robinson, almost frantic with terror, ran out of his cave into the space before it, and the affrighted lamas followed. Scarce were they out, when a piece of the rock, which rested over the cave, fell down upon the bed which Robinson had just left. Fear, now, lent him wings; he fled with precipitation through the small opening in his wall of trees, and the lamas, no less terrified, were close at his heels.

His first intention was to secure himself upon a neighbouring mountain, on the top of which was a plain perfectly open, that he might not be in danger of the falling trees. He was going to run thither, when suddenly he beheld, to his infinite terror and surprise, that very same spot of the mountain open with a huge gap, and vomit forth smoke, fire,





fire, cinders, stones, and a burning stream of what is called *lava*. He could scarcely tell which way to run from this dreadful eruption, as the burning lava rolled down the hill like a river, and great fragments of rock were hurled into the air, in every direction, and fell as thick as hail.

He ran towards the sea-side; but here he beheld a new scene no less terrible. A dreadful whirlwind, which blew from all quarters of the sky, had driven together a large quantity of clouds, and heaped them, as it were, one upon the other. Their own weight burst them at length, and the consequence was such a deluge of rain, as, in a moment, laid the whole country under water.

Robinson saved himself with difficulty by climbing up a tree; but his poor lamas were carried off by the violence of the flood. Ah! how it went to his heart to hear their plaintive bleatings; and how willingly would he, at the risk of his own life, have endeavoured to save them, but that the rapidity of the
 torrent

torrent had already carried them far beyond his reach.

The earth continued to shake still for a few minutes, after which there fell, all at once, a dead calm. The winds subsided; the opening of the mountain ceased by degrees to vomit fire; the rumbling underground was heard no more; the sky cleared up, and all the waters ran off in less than a quarter of an hour.

Geo. (sighing heavily) Ah! thank God, it is all over! Poor Robinson and the poor lamas!

Harriet. For my part, I was terribly frightened.

Charlotte. What occasions these earthquakes, papa?

Rich. Papa has explained that to us long ago, but you were not here.

Mr. Bill. Tell her, Richard.

Rich. There are a number of great holes under the earth, like caverns, and these are filled with air and exhalations. Besides, there are within the earth all manner of things.

things that easily take fire, as sulphur, pitch, nitre, and the like. These begin sometimes to heat and take fire, when moisture happens to accompany them.

Geo. Moisture? Can wetness, then, occasion any thing to take fire?

Rich. Certainly. Have you never seen, when masons throw cold water upon burnt lime-stones, how they begin immediately to boil and smoke as if they were upon the fire, and yet there was no fire near them? Well, in the same manner things take fire under ground as soon as water penetrates to them; and then, when they burn, the air which is in these great caverns expands so prodigiously that there is no longer room to contain it, so that, striving forcibly to find a passage out, it shakes the earth, until, at length, it makes an opening somewhere, and through this opening it comes forth like a hurricane, drawing with it a quantity of burning and melted matter.

Mr. Bill. And this matter, which consists of stones, minerals, and unctuous bodies, all melted

melted together, is what we call lava. I have somewhere read that a man might make a little mountain for himself that would vomit fire. If you should like that, we will make the experiment some day.

The Children. Oh, yes, by all means, dear papa.

Rich. And how is that done?

Mr. Bill. You need only dig a hole in the ground where it is moist, and put into it some sulphur and filings of iron. This mixture will heat and take fire of itself, and then you have a burning mountain in miniature. We will make a trial of it the first idle day.

While Robinson was coming down from the tree on which he had saved himself, his mind was so depressed with the calamity which had just fallen on him, that he never once thought of thanking for his fresh deliverance that Being who had before, more than once, preserved him when in the most imminent danger of perishing. His situation was, indeed, now, to the full as miserable

able as ever it had been. His cave, the only place of refuge that he had hitherto found, was, in all probability, a heap of ruins; his dear and faithful lamas he had seen, with his own eyes, carried off by the flood, and without doubt they must have perished; all his past labours were demolished, and his plans for the future disappointed! The mountain, it is true, had ceased to throw up fire, but from the gulph, which was still open on the top of it, there issued forth a thick black smoke, and it was very possible that this mountain might now continue to be always a volcano. In that case, how was Robinson to enjoy one moment's security? Might he not reasonably dread a fresh earthquake, or a fresh eruption, every day?

These melancholy ideas completely overpowered him. He sunk under the weight of his miseries, and, instead of turning himself towards God, the only source of true consolation, he thought of nothing but his future

future misery, which appeared to him infinite both in weight and duration.

Exhausted with anguish and discomfort, he leaned against the tree, and, from his pained breast, he uttered sighs, or rather deep groans, of distress. He remained in this position, the picture of despair, until the dawn told the approach of day.

Geo. (to Mr. Meredith.) I see now that my papa was right.

Mr. Mered. In what?

Geo. I was thinking lately that Robinson was altogether reformed, and that Providence might safely order things for his deliverance from the island; but in answer to that my papa observed, that our heavenly Father knew every thing best, and that it was not for us to judge in such cases.

Mr. Mered. And now?

Geo. Why, now I see plainly that he had not the confidence in his Maker which he ought to have had, and, therefore, that God did well in not delivering him yet.

Edw.

Edw. So I think too. I must own, I am far from liking him now so well as I did some time ago.

Mr. Bill. Your observation, my dear children, is perfectly just. It is true, we see plainly that Robinson has not that firm, unalterable filial confidence in his Maker which he naturally ought to have after so many proofs of his wisdom and goodness as he had experienced; but, before we condemn him on this head, let us first put ourselves in his place for a moment, and ask our own hearts if we should have acted better under the same circumstances. What think you, Edward? If you had been Robinson, would you have had more courage than he?

Edw. (hesitating.) I can't say.

Mr. Bill. Recollect the time when you had sore eyes, and we put blisters behind your ears. Do you remember how dispirited you were at times? And yet it was but a short-lived pain; it lasted but two days. I know, indeed, that you have more

VOL. II. D sense

sense now, and would bear the pain better; but could you also bear with filial submission every thing that Robinson was forced to undergo?—What think you, my dear? Have I not some reason for doubting upon that score?

Your silence is the best answer to my question. As, thank Heaven, you have never been in a situation like that of our poor friend Robinson, you cannot tell what would be your sentiments if you were; therefore, all that we can do at present is to accustom ourselves, in the slight misfortunes which we perhaps must experience, to turn our eyes towards Heaven, and be ever patient and full of confidence. Our hearts will then be more and more strengthened every day, so as to bear with due resignation even the greatest sufferings, if our heavenly Father shall think proper to appoint them to us.

At length the day appeared, and its new-born light, while it spread joy over all nature, found poor Robinson still leaning against

against the tree, in a situation truly deplorable. Sleep had never closed his eyelids; one gloomy thought alone absorbed his whole soul; he had asked himself a thousand times the sorrowful question, "What will become of me?" At length he set himself in motion, and staggering as he walked, like a man who is half asleep, he arrived, after some time, at the ruins of his habitation. But what joyful emotions seized his breast, when, all at once, as he came up towards the willow enclosure—what think you?—his dear lambs, safe and sound, came jumping to meet him! At first he could not believe his eyes, but his doubts were soon satisfied. The lambs ran up to him, licked his hands, and expressed their joy at seeing him again by bleating and skipping about.

Robinson's heart, which, until that moment, had seemed insensible and frozen, was now awakened. He looked at his lambs, then up to Heaven; and tears of joy, gratitude, and repentance for his want of faith, bedewed his cheeks. He now patted and

caressed his old friends a thousand times, and, accompanied by them, went to see what was become of his habitation.

Henry. But how were the lamas saved?

Mr. Bill. We may suppose that the flood had carried them to some rising ground where the waters were not quite so deep, and as they ran off afterwards as rapidly as they had fallen from the clouds, the lamas were very soon able to return to their habitation.

Robinson then stood in the front of his cave, and, to add to his confusion, found the damage here also by no means so considerable as, in the height of his despondency, he had imagined it. The cieling, which consisted of one piece of rock, had, it is true, tumbled down, and in its fall brought some of the nearest earth along with it; yet, after all, it appeared not impossible to clear the cave of these ruins, and then his dwelling-place became twice as spacious and convenient as it was before.

To this must be added another circumstance, which plainly demonstrated that Divine

vine

vine Providence had ordered events thus, not to punish Robinson, but rather expressly for his preservation: for when he had more closely examined the spot where the piece of rock had been suspended, he, to his no small terror, perceived it to be surrounded on every side by a soft earth, and, consequently, that it could never have been firmly placed; it was, therefore, likely enough to fall down by its own weight sooner or later. Now this Divine Providence foresaw, and perhaps, moreover, foresaw that the piece of rock would fall precisely at a time when Robinson was in the cave. But, as the all wise and good Creator had appointed to this man a longer life, he had, from the creation of the world, so formed the earth, that exactly at that time, and in that island, there should be such an earthquake. Even the rumbling noise under ground, and the roaring of the hurricane, how terrible soever they had sounded in the ears of Robinson, were circumstances that contributed to save him: for, had the earthquake come

on without any noise, Robinson, in all likelihood, would not have awakened, and then the fall of the rock would certainly have put an end to his life.

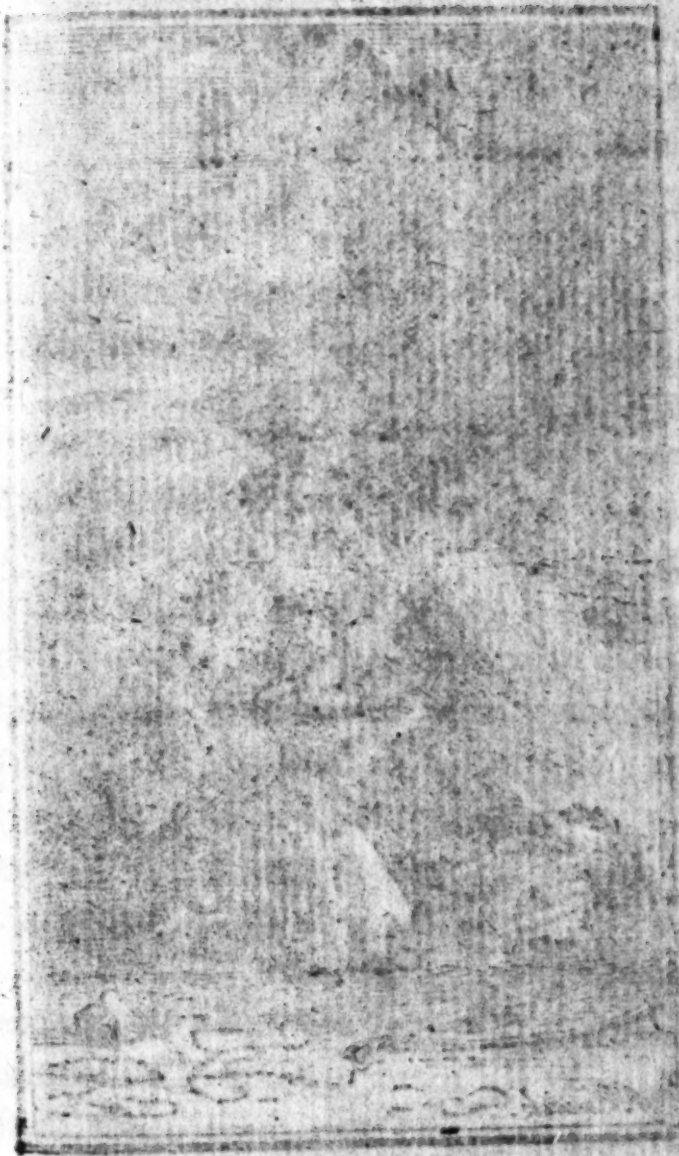
Thus, my children, Heaven took care of him at a time when he thought himself forsaken, and even made these dreadful accidents, which Robinson looked upon as his greatest misfortune, contribute wholly to his preservation.

This happy experience of heavenly mercy you will have frequent opportunities of gaining, if you wish to remark the ways by which Providence will conduct you. In all the unfortunate situations of life which it may be your lot to fall into, you will find these two things ever true; namely,

In the first place, men always represent to themselves the evil which happens as greater than it really is.

Secondly, that all our misfortunes are sent to us by our merciful Creator for wise and good reasons, and that, consequently, in the end, they will ever contribute to our real happiness.

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TENTH EVENING.

MR. BILLINGSLEY goes on.—Robinson, who for some time past had used the custom of joining prayer with his labour, began by throwing himself on his knees to thank God for his late deliverance; after which he chearfully set about his work, which was to clear his cave of the ruins. It was but a slight task to remove the earth and the gravel, but there remained still the great piece of rock, which had been under all. It is true, it was broken in two; but even in this state it seemed to require more than the strength of one man to dislodge it.

He tried to roll out the smallest of the two pieces, but in vain: the task was too much for his strength. An attempt so far from succeeding discouraged him once more. He did not know what to try next.

Rich. Oh, I know what I should have done.

Mr. Bill. What?

Rich. I would have made a lever, or a crow, such as the men had the other day when they rolled a great beam into the barn yard.

Geo. I was not by then. What is a lever, or a crow, as you call it?

Rich. It is a long stout pole; one end they put under the beam or the stone that they wish to move, and then they place a little block or stone under the lever, but as close as possible to the beam or whatever else is to be rolled along; then laying their hands on the other end of the lever, which they press with all their force upon the block, the beam is thus raised up, and may be rolled without much trouble.

Mr. Bill. I will explain to you the reason of that another time: at present listen and hear what Robinson did.

After having meditated upon the matter a long time to no purpose, the idea of the lever

lever struck him too at last. He recollected that when he was young he had sometimes seen workmen make use of this instrument when they wanted to move very heavy loads, and he hastened to make a trial of it.

This succeeded. In half an hour he rolled the two pieces of stone clean out of the cave, which four men with their hands alone could not have stirred from their places; and then he had the satisfaction of seeing his dwelling twice as spacious as before, and, what was of infinitely more consequence, quite secure as far as the eye could examine: for now both the walls and the cieling consisted of one hollow rock, in which there could no where be discovered the smallest crack.

Edw. But, papa, what was become of his spider?

Mr. Bill. I am glad you put me in mind of it. Poor spider! I had almost forgot it. But, in truth, I can tell you nothing about it, unless that, according to all appearance,

it was buried under the ruins of the cieling; at least, Robinson never saw it again: however, his other friends, the lamas, made him amends for its loss.

He now ventured to turn his steps towards the volcano, from which a black smoke still continued to rise. He was astonished at the quantity of melted matter that had run from it on all sides; part of which was not cold yet. For this time, therefore, he only admired, at a distance, the grand, but dreadful sight of the smoking gulf, because fear, and the lava, which was still too hot, hindered him from approaching nearer.

Having remarked that the principal stream of lava had taken its course towards the spot where his potatoes grew, he was much terrified at the idea that this torrent of fire might, perhaps, have laid waste the whole place; nor could he be easy until he satisfied himself on this head. He went, therefore, to the spot, and found, to his great joy, the whole plantation safe and sound.

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From that moment, he resolved, at all hazards, to plant potatoes in many different parts of his island, in order to prevent the misfortune of seeing himself deprived of so admirable a fruit by some unlucky accident or other. It is true, winter, according to his reckoning, was now just at hand; "but," said he to himself, "who knows whether these plants are not of the sort that will stand the winter?"

Having put this design into execution, he began again to work upon his kitchen. Here also the terrible convulsion of nature which had just happened, was the means of procuring him a great advantage; for, you must know, that the burning mountain had, amongst other things, thrown up a considerable quantity of limestones. These are commonly burnt in a kiln before lime can be made of them; but here that was not necessary, for the burning mountain had already been as good as a limekiln to them.

Robinson, therefore, had only to gather
a small

a small heap of these stones, to throw water upon them, and then to stir the heap well about. Thus the lime was flaked, and made proper for the mason's use. He then mixed with it a little sand, fell to work immediately, and had reason to be pleased with his own cleverness.

In the mean time, the mountain had ceased smoking, and Robinson ventured to approach the gulf. He found the sides and the bottom covered with cold lava; and as he could not perceive the least smoke come out any where, he had reason to hope that the subterraneous fire was entirely extinguished, and that, for the future, he should have no eruptions to dread.

This hope having given him fresh strength and spirits, he turned his thoughts towards laying in a store of provisions against the winter. With this intent he caught, one after another, eight lamas, in the same manner as he had caught the first. All these he killed, except one ram, which he kept alive to be company for his three tame

tame lamas; and he hung up the greatest part of the flesh in his kitchen to smoke. But first he had let it lie some days in salt, because he had remembered to have seen his mother do so at home, when she made bacon.

Here was a pretty good stock of provisions; yet still he dreaded lest he should fall short if the winter was severe and lasted long. For this reason, he would have taken more lamas, but he found his method would no longer answer; for the creatures had, at length, taken notice of his manner of noosing them, and were, therefore, on their guard: so that he was obliged to invent some new way of taking them.

This way he soon found: so inexhaustible are the resources of the human mind, if properly exerted, in providing for its wants, and increasing its happiness. He had observed that the lamas, whenever they perceived him near the spring, ran swiftly towards a neighbouring coppice, in their way to which they passed over a little hill. The farther side of this hill was hedged, as it were,

were, with small thickets; and close behind this hedge there was a descent as steep as a wall, and about a couple of yards deep. The lamas, in their flight, always jumped clean over the hedge, and landed at the bottom of the hill; and this observation determined him to dig a deep hole on this spot, where the lamas jumped down, that they might fall into it and be taken. His indefatigable labour finished in a day and a half this new work of his invention. The pit he covered over with green branches, and the next day had the satisfaction of seeing two tolerable large lamas taken in it.

He now thought himself sufficiently provided with meat. He would have been puzzled where to lay it all up during the winter, if the earthquake had not furnished him with a cellar in every respect complete; for close by his cave another piece of the hillock had sunk about two fathom in depth, and thereby formed a second cavern, opening, as well as the first, into his enclosure. He had now his dwelling apartment,

his granary, his kitchen,

kitchen, and cellar, all adjoining each other, and placed as conveniently as if they had been planned and laid out by art.

There now remained three things more, which done, he was to count himself fully guarded and provided against the expected approach of winter: hay was to be made for his lamas; a stock of wood to be laid up for firing; and all his potatoes were to be dug up, and lodged in the cellar.

Hay he had collected in a pretty large quantity, and stacked it up in his courtyard, as haymakers do here; and whenever he put fresh hay on it, he trod it down so hard that the rain could not easily soak into it. But here experience taught him a little more of haymaking, though at the expence of some labour and trouble.

You must know, he had not taken care to dry the hay perfectly. Whenever this happens, and it is at the same time pressed down tightly in the stack, it begins to heat, next to smoke, and at length it takes fire. This was a matter that Robinson had never heard

heard of when he was young; for he had never much troubled his head about farming business; but in his present situation he learned how useful it is to remark every thing, and to collect as much information as possible, even though we cannot foresee how far it may, one day or other, become useful.

His surprise was great, indeed, when he saw, all of a sudden, his haycock begin to smoke; but he was still much more astonished, when, on thrusting his hand into it, he found the inside burning hot. He could not persuade himself but that the hay was on fire, though he could not possibly conceive how the fire could get in there.

He took down the haycock, therefore, as fast as possible; but was very much surprised to find no fire, and to see that the hay was every where extremely hot and moist. He was, therefore, at last, convinced, (as was really the case,) that the moisture alone caused the hay to heat, though he could, in no wise, conceive how that should be.

Rich.

Rich. I must own I find it hard to imagine how wetness alone can make any thing heat.

Mr. Bill. My dear Richard, there are a thousand such effects as this in nature; and human reason, which hath been reflecting on them for many ages, hath clearly discovered the true causes of many of them. These useful discoveries are comprised in a science, of which, perhaps, you do not know the name. It is called Natural Philosophy. There you may find the reason of this remarkable effect of moisture, as well as many other appearances in nature that are extremely singular. And if you continue to apply yourself properly to the sciences which you are learning at present, I will teach you also that of natural philosophy, which will give you inexpressible pleasure. Here it would be to no purpose to introduce it, because you could not understand what I should say to you.

Robinson then dried his hay afresh, and made it up into a fresh haycock, which could stand secure against both wind and rain.

rain. To render it still more secure, he topped it with a covering of reeds, scarce inferior in firmness to our thatch roofs.

For some days following, he employed himself in gathering as much dry wood as he judged he should want. After this, he dug up his potatoes, and found them a very considerable stock. These he laid up carefully in his cellar. Lastly, he shook the lemon-tree, and brought home as many of the fruit as were ripe, to preserve them too against the winter; and now he was freed from all apprehensions of want during the bad weather.

But though it was almost the end of October, the cold, which had made Robinson so uneasy, was not to be felt in the least. Instead of that, the weather turned to rain, and it rained so incessantly that the air seemed to be changed into water. He did not know what to think of it. For a fortnight together, he never put his foot outside of his cave, unless to go to the cellar, the haystack, or the spring, to fetch

victuals and water for himself and his lammas. The rest of the time he was obliged to pass like a prisoner.

How heavily the hours crept on! Nothing to do, and all alone! My dear children, it is impossible for you to imagine a greater misery! If any body could have given him a book, or pen, ink, and paper, he would, with great chearfulness, have given one day of his life for every sheet of paper. "Oh!" said he now and then to himself, with a heavy sigh, "how silly was I in my younger days to look upon reading and writing as something tiresome, and idleness as something agreeable! The most tedious book in the world would now be a treasure to me, and I would prefer a sheet of paper, with pen and ink, to the possession of a kingdom."

During this wearisome time, necessity forced him to have recourse to all sorts of employments which he had not hitherto tried. He had been meditating a long time whether it would not be possible for him

him to make an earthen pot and a lamp, things which would have rendered his situation incomparably better. He ran, therefore, in the middle of the rain, to look for potter's earth; and, having found a sufficient quantity of it, he immediately began to work.

The making of earthen vessels did not succeed with him all at once: he made many ineffectual trials at first; but, having nothing else to do, as often as his work was finished, and not to his liking, he amused himself with breaking it to pieces, and beginning afresh. He spent a few days in this manner, his work affording him amusement rather than trouble, until, at length, his pot and lamp were finished so complete, that it would have been ill-nature to break them again. He placed them, therefore, in his kitchen, not far from the fire, to dry gradually. After this, he went on making other pots, pans, and pipkins, of different shapes and sizes; and the more he practised this work, the more ready he became at it.

The rain continued, in the mean time, without

without interruption. Robinson, therefore, saw himself under the necessity of inventing other domestic labours to keep himself from the unpleasant effects of having nothing to do. His first task was to make a fishing net. He had laid in, beforehand, a pretty good stock of packthread, which came now very seasonably into use. As he took time enough, and had the patience to try a thing ten times or more, which did not succeed with him at first, he found, at length, the true method of making the knots, and he became as clever at the work as any woman or girl in this country who practises making nets or purses: for he had invented also an instrument of wood, which he cut with his knife of flint, something in the form of a spit; and with this he contrived to make a net, which, for goodness and real use, was little inferior to our common fishing nets.

It next came into his head to try whether he could not make a bow and arrows. The thought of this set him all alive, when he considered the many great advantages that a bow would procure him! With a
bow

bow and arrows he could kill lamas, he could shoot birds, and—what was by far more important—with these he could defend himself in his dwelling place, if ever the savages came to attack him. He was all impatience to see the bow finished, and ran, notwithstanding the rain and the wind, to look for the proper wood.

For it was not every sort of wood that was fit for the purpose; it should be at the same time hard and supple, that on the one hand it might be bent without much difficulty, and on the other, when bent, might endeavour to return to its former state.

Rich. It should be *elastic*, papa; should it not?

Mr. Bill. The very thing. I did not know that you remembered the signification of that word, and, therefore, I did not chuse to make use of it.

Having, therefore, found and cut a piece of this sort of wood, he carried it home, and began immediately to work upon it. But, alas! how did he then feel the want of a proper

proper knife! He was obliged to cut twenty times to bring off as much wood as we could cut at once with a knife of steel. Though he worked from the rising to the setting of the sun at this task without the least intermission, he was obliged to be eight whole days about it. I know some people who would not have had such patience.

Geo. (to the other children) Papa means us now.

Mr. Bill. George, you have just guessed it; and do not you think that I am right?

Geo. Why, yes, papa. But, for the future, I will take care to go on with whatever work I once begin.

Mr. Bill. You will do well. Robinson, at least, found the advantages of doing so. He had the inexpressible joy of seeing his bow finished on the ninth day; and now he wanted nothing but a string and arrows. If he had thought of it when he killed the lamas, he would have tried, perhaps, to make strings of their guts; for he knew that, in Europe, it is common to make them out

of sheep's guts. For want, therefore, of catgut, he twisted a string of packthread, and made it as strong as possible. After this, he proceeded to make his arrows.

What would he have given for a small piece of iron to point his arrows with! But wishing was to no purpose. As he stood at the door of his cave, considering how he might supply the want of iron points to his arrows, he turned his eyes, by chance, on the lump of gold which lay there still on the ground as a thing of no use. "Go," said he, spurning it with his foot, "go, useless metal, and become iron, if you wish that I should value you!" And, with these words, he turned away from it, not deigning to look at it again.

By dint of thinking on the subject over and over again, he, at length, remembered to have heard that the savages of some nations make use of fish bones and sharp stones to point their lances and arrows; and he resolved to imitate them in this respect: at
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the same time he formed the design of making a lance or spear.

These two things were immediately put into execution. He ran to the sea-side, and was lucky enough to find some fish bones and sharp flints, exactly such as he wanted. After this, he cut a long, straight staff for the spear, and returned home wet to the very skin.

In a few days the spear and the arrows were finished. He had pointed the spear with a sharp stone, and the arrows with strong fish-bones; to the other end of his arrows he tied feathers, to make them fly the better.

He then tried how his bow would shoot: though it wanted a number of things, which he could not possibly add to it for want of iron tools, he found it, however, tolerably handy for shooting birds, or other small animals. He did not even doubt but he should be able, with this bow, to wound a naked savage dangerously, provided the savage would let him come near enough. He had still better reason to be pleased with his spear.

His earthen pots and his lamp seemed now to be sufficiently dry. He resolved, therefore, to make use of them. In the first place, he put into one of his new pipkins a lump of fat, which he had taken out of the lamas that he killed. This fat he intended to melt, and use as oil for his lamp. But he had the mortification to perceive that the fat, as soon as melted, soaked through the pipkin, and filtered out, drop by drop, so that very little remained in the pipkin. He concluded from thence, that the lamp and pots would have the same defect, and consequently never be of any use to him; a conjecture which experience very soon verified.

What a disagreeable accident! He had made himself so happy in thinking that he should soon spend the evenings pleasantly by the light of a lamp, and be able, once more, to taste a dish of broth; but now all these fine hopes seemed to vanish in a moment.

Henry.

Henry. It was certainly a great vexation to see so much trouble lost.

Mr. Bill. Without doubt it was so, and some people, that I know, would have been provoked to fling all the work away, and never meddle with pot-making again. But Robinson was, by this time, pretty well practised in patience, and had taken it strongly in his head that a thing should never be done by halves, while it was possible to finish it completely.

He sat down, therefore, in his *studying corner* (for so he called one of the corners of his cave, where he used to sit down when he had a mind to exercise his invention), and there he rubbed his forehead. — “Whence comes it,” said he to himself, “that the pots in Europe, which are made of earth as well as mine, are, nevertheless, much more compact, and do not soak through?—Why, that is because they are glazed—Hum! Glazed? Now, what may that be properly, and how is it done?—Aha! I think I know now! Yes, it must be so! Have not I read so ne-
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where, that sand and several other substances, such as earthen vessels, are of the nature of glass, and might be turned into real glass by a strong fire? It must certainly be so that they manage it: they put the earthen ware into a hot furnace, and when it begins to melt, they take it out lest it should be entirely changed into glass. Yes, yes, that is the whole art. I must do in the same manner."

No sooner said than done: he kindled a good fire in his kitchen, and when it was in full blaze, he put one of the pipkins into the very middle of it. However, it was not long there before—crack it went, and split in pieces.—“Heyday!” said Robinson, “who would have thought it?”

He sat down again in his studying corner. “What could have been the reason of this?” said he to himself.—“Have I ever met with any thing similar to this before?—Eh! certainly I have. In winter-time, when we have put a tumbler full of cold water or beer on a warm stove, did not the

glass

glass break immediately?—Has it ever happened that the glass did *not* break? Yes, when it was put on the stove before it was quite hot, or when we put a piece of paper under it. Very well: I am pretty sure of one thing: ay, ay, that must be the case. I must take care not to put it upon the fire all at once, but to let it grow warm first. I must take care also that the fire do not come to one of the ends of it—A lucky thought!" cried he, quite overjoyed, and starting up to make a second trial.

This succeeded rather better. The pipkin did not split; but, then, on the other hand, it was not glazed neither.

"How comes this?" said Robinson to himself. "And yet I thought the fire was hot enough. What can it possibly want still?" After meditating a long time upon the matter, he thought, at length, he had hit upon the reason. He had made the experiment with a fire which was not closed up in a stove or oven, but burned in the open air. This fire lost its force too soon, and was too

much spread on every side to heat the earthen ware sufficiently for glazing it. Robinson, therefore, determined to stick to his principle of not doing things by halves, and to construct a proper oven or furnace like those in the potteries ; but for this it was requisite that the weather should be more favourable.

For, you must know, it rained still incessantly ; nor did the sky, at last, begin to clear up till after the expiration of two months. Robinson thought now that the winter was going to set in ; whereas, behold ye, the winter was past ! He could scarce believe his eyes, when he saw every appearance of spring—the grass green and tender, the trees budding out and blossoming, and fresh flowers beginning every where to blow ; and yet it really was so. The thing was beyond his comprehension, though he saw it clearly before his eyes. “ This will be a warning to me,” said he, “ never, for the future, to deny any thing hastily that I do not understand.”

Mrs. Bill.

Mrs. Bill. Did not he go to bed when he had said so?

Geo. Oh! mama, we are none of us the least sleepy.

Mr. Bill. I am not very positive whether he did or not; my information fails me in that respect. However, as I find nothing else remarkable in this day's occurrences, as they appear in the old history of Robinson's adventures on the island, I presume that, after these words, he actually did go to bed. And we will do the same, that, like him, we may rise to-morrow with the sun.

ELEVENTH EVENING.

GEORGE. Papa, I should like to be in Robinson's place now.

Mr. Bill. Would you really?

Geo. Yes; for now he has every thing that he wants, and lives in a fine country where there is never any winter.

Mr. Bill. Every thing that he wants, has he?

Geo. Yes: has not he potatoes and meat, and salt and lemons, and fish and turtle, and oysters; and do not the lamas give him milk? He can make butter and cheese now.

Mr. Bill. So he has too, for some time past, though I forgot to mention it.

Geo. Well, and then he has a bow and arrows, and a spear, and a snug place to live in. What more could he wish?

Mr. Bill. Robinson knew very well the value of all these good things, and thanked God for them; nevertheless, he would have given the half of his remaining life for the arrival of a ship that would carry him to his own country.

Geo. Ay! why what did he want still?

Mr. Bill. Many things; an infinite deal of things, not to say every thing. He want-

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ed those blessings without which there can be no true happiness here below, as society, friends, beings of his own species, whom he might love, and by whom he might be, in his turn, beloved. Far from his parents, whom he had so severely afflicted; far from his friends, whom he could not hope ever to see again; far from men, from all men, from all the world; alas! in this melancholy, what joy could he taste, had he even the richest abundance possible of all the good things which this earth affords? Try, my little friend, try only once, but for one single day, to be quite alone in a solitary place, and then you will know what a life of solitude is!

Besides, Robinson was far from having his many other wants gratified. His cloaths were falling by degrees all to rags; nor did he know how he was to have new cloaths when these should be past use.

Rich. Oh! as to cloaths, he might very well do without them in an island where it was so hot, and where there was no winter.

Harriet. Oh fie! Would you have him go naked?

Mr. Bill. It is true, he had no occasion for cloaths to protect him from the cold; but he had much occasion for them to guard his body from the insects with which this island swarmed, particularly muskitoes.

Edw. What are these creatures, these muskitoes?

Mr. Bill. A sort of flies, whose sting is much more painful than that of ours. In whatever country they are found, they torment the natives exceedingly; for their stings produce almost as painful swellings as those of bees or wasps do with us. Robinson's face and hands were almost always swelled with them. Now, what must he expect to suffer when once his cloaths were worn out! and that time was coming very fast.

This, together with his earnest and longing desire to behold his parents, and society in general, once more drew many a sigh from

from him) when standing on the sea-shore, and looking, with moistened eyes, over the boundless ocean, he could distinguish nothing but the sea and sky. How did his heart sometimes flutter with empty hope, when, in the distant horizon, he perceived a small cloud, which his imagination represented to him as a ship in full sail! And when, at length, he discovered his mistake, how the tears would trickle from his eyes, and his heart seem ready to burst as he returned home slowly to his habitation!

Harriet. He should have prayed for the coming of a ship; perhaps his prayers might have been heard.

Mr. Bill. He did so, my dear Harriet. He prayed night and day for his deliverance from the desert island; but he never forgot, at the same time, to add, "Not mine, O Lord! but thy will be done."

Harriet. Why did he add that?

Mr. Bill. Because he was now perfectly convinced that the Supreme Being knows much better than we do what is for our interests.

terests. He reasoned thus: "If it be the good pleasure of my heavenly Father to let me remain here longer, he certainly has very good reasons for it, though I cannot see them; consequently, I ought to pray for my liberty, barely on condition that his wisdom shall think it to be for my advantage."

Lest a vessel should happen any day to pass or cast anchor near the island, at a time when he was not near the sea-shore, he resolved to fix, on the neck of land which jutted out towards the sea, a signal by which all who should come in sight might be informed of his distress. This signal was no more than a pole, on the top of which he fastened a banner.

Edw. Ay! Where did he get the banner?

Mr. Bill. I am going to tell you. His shirt was then in such a state, that it was impossible to wear it longer. He took, therefore, the largest slip of it, shaped it into a kind of banner or flag, and fixed it on the pole that he was to stick up.

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He would have been very glad to put up also, on his pole, a label, with an inscription, to give a clearer idea of his distress; but how was this to be done? The only way in his power was to cut out the letters with his knife of flint. Next to this the question was, in what language the inscription should be. If it were English, there might come by ships of other nations, as Dutch, Spanish, or French, and the people might happen not to understand it. Luckily he recollected some Latin words, by which he could express what he wished.

Geo. But would seamen understand that?

Mr. Bill. The Latin language, you know, is common in all countries of Europe, and most men who have received any education, know, at least, something of it. Hence Robinson hoped, that, in whatever ship passed that way, there might be one or two, at least, who would understand his inscription. He, therefore, put it up.

Rich. What was it, then?

Mr. Bill. *Ferte opem misero Robinson! Do you understand, George?*

Geo.

Geo. Yes, papa. *Help the unfortunate Robinson!*

Mr. Bill. His greatest inconvenience now was the want of shoes and stockings. They were fallen to pieces, and the muskitoes did so furiously attack his naked legs, that he knew not where to fly from them. His face, his hands, and his feet, were so swelled by the stings of these insects, since the raining season, during which they had multiplied prodigiously, that he seemed no longer to be the same person.

How often did he sit down in his studying corner, to think of some way to cover himself! but always to no purpose. He had neither instruments nor skill to provide himself with what he wanted, and what he found so indispensably necessary.

The skins of the lamas that he had killed appeared the readiest means whereby he might clothe himself; but these skins were still raw and stiff, and unfortunately he had never troubled himself concerning the manner in which tanners and curriers prepared

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the raw hides ; and even if he knew how to do this, he had neither needle nor thread to sew the leather, or make it serve for any part of his dress.

Nevertheless, necessity was pressing. He could neither work by day, nor sleep by night, the flies did persecute him so incessantly with their stings. Something must be done, or some fortunate accident take place to hinder him from perishing in the most miserable manner.

Henry. In fact, to what purpose were these miserable insects created, since they are only a trouble and torment to us ?

Mr. Bill. Why, I might, in my turn, ask you, to what purpose were we created, you, and I, and other men ?

Henry. On purpose that we might be happy in the world.

Mr. Bill. And what could have induced our Creator to propose this object to himself in creating us ?

Henry. His goodness, which is so great that he did not desire to be happy alone.

Mr. Bill.

Mr. Bill. Very well, and do you not think that these insects also enjoy a sort of happiness?

Henry. Yes, that I can easily imagine. We see how they rejoice when the sun shines and it is pretty hot.

Mr. Bill. Right; and does not this reason give you to understand to what purpose they were created? Namely, that they also may rejoice upon the earth, and be as happy as their nature will permit them. Is not this purpose perfectly consistent with infinite goodness?

Henry. Yes; only I think that the Supreme Being might have created such animals alone as do harm to nobody.

Mr. Bill. Be thankful to your Creator that he has done no such thing.

Henry. Why?

Mr. Bill. Because, otherwise, neither you nor I nor any of us would ever have existed.

Henry. How so?

Mr. Bill. Because we belong precisely to the

the most devouring and destructive species of animals in the world. All the other creatures of the earth are not only our slaves, but we even kill them at our pleasure; sometimes to eat their flesh; sometimes to have their skins; sometimes because they are in our way; sometimes for other reasons which we could not easily justify. How much more cause, therefore, would the insects have to ask why that cruel animal man was created? Now, what would you answer to a fly that should ask you this question?

Henry (hesitating). Why—indeed I don't know.

Mr. Bill. Now, for my part, I would speak to him in these words: "My friend Mr. Fly, your question is very inconsiderate, and shews that you have not a thinking head, and that you know not the art of reflection; otherwise you would easily have discovered, with the smallest grain of thought, that the Supreme Being hath, merely of his goodness, created several of his creatures in such

such a manner that one is obliged to live upon others: for, if he had not done so, he could not have created by one half so many species of animals as he has, because grass and the fruits of the earth would have been sufficient but for a few species of living creatures. To the end, therefore, that all nature might be animated—that there might be every where, in the water, in the air, and on the earth, living animals which should rejoice in their existence, and to the end that one species of creatures might not multiply too much to the destruction of another, it was necessary that our wise and good Creator should destine some of his creatures to furnish the subsistence of others. Thou thyself, friend fly, dost feast on the blood of other animals, and even on ours. Why shouldst thou take it amiss if the spider catch thee in her web, or the swallow devour thee as a sweet morsel?”

What think you, Henry? Would not the fly, if it were wise, be contented with this answer?

Henry.

Henry. I don't know, papa. I am contented.

Mr. Bill. Well, now we will return to our friend Robinson.

Necessity forced him to help himself the best he could. He took the skins, therefore, and cut out of them with his knife of flint, but not without a great deal of trouble, first a pair of shoes, and then a pair of stockings. He could not sew either of them; he was obliged, therefore, to content himself with making eyelet-holes in them, and lacing them to his legs and feet with a string; which was no doubt subject to great inconveniencies: for though he turned the hair outwards, he still felt a violent heat in his feet. Besides, the skin, which was stiff and hard, blistered his feet, and took the skin off at the least attempt that he made to walk, and so caused him very great pain. However, he chose to endure this rather than the stings of the muskitoes.

Of another piece of skin, which was very stiff and a little bent, he made a mask,

mask, cutting in it two small holes for the eyes, and another for the mouth, that he might be able to breathe.

And, since he had begun this work, he resolved not to quit it until he had finished with making himself a jacket and trowsers of lamas skin. It is true, this task was much more difficult; but have we anything without trouble? and what is there in which we do not succeed at last, with the requisite patience and application? Thus he also accomplished his design, which filled him with inexpressible joy.

The jacket was composed of three pieces, which were joined together by strings. Two of these pieces served for the arms, and the third for the body. The trowsers consisted of two pieces, one before and one behind, and they were laced at the sides. When the jacket and trowsers were finished, he put them both on, with the resolution never to dress himself again in his old European cloaths, which were half torn to pieces, except upon the birthdays of his father

ther and mother, which he celebrated as solemn festivals.

His dress was then the most singular that can be imagined: from head to foot covered in skins, with the hair outwards; instead of a sword, a large hatchet of stone by his side; on his back a pouch, with a bow and quiver of arrows; in his right hand a spear almost twice as long as himself, and in his left a wicker umbrella, covered with leaves of the cocoa-nut tree: lastly, upon his head, instead of a hat, a cap of wicker-work, rising in a point, and covered in the same manner with skins, the hairs outward. Imagine to yourselves what a figure all this must cut: nobody that saw him accoutered in this extraordinary equipage, would suspect him to be a human creature; nay, he could not help laughing at himself, when, being on the bank of a rivulet, he saw his image in the water in this dress for the first time.

After this, he resumed his potter's work. The oven was soon finished, and then he

had a mind to try whether, by force of an exceeding great fire, he could not produce a sort of glazing on his pots. He put them, therefore, and his pipkins into it, after which he made up by degrees so great a fire, that the oven was red hot from one end to the other. This violent fire he kept up until evening, suffering it then to go out by degrees, and being very curious to know the result of his labour. But what, think ye, was the result of it? The first pot that he took out was not glazed, notwithstanding all that he had done, nor the second neither, nor, in short, any of them. But, at last, in examining one of the pipkins, he perceived, with equal joy and surprise, that this, and this alone, was covered at bottom with a real glazing.

This was to him a riddle which he could by no means solve. "What reason in the world could there be," said he, "why this single pipkin is a little glazed, and not one of the other vessels, though they were all made of the same earth, and baked in one
and

and the same oven?"—He thought and thought again, but he was a long time before he could see the least glimpse of any thing that seemed likely to explain the mystery.

At length, he recollected that there had been a little salt in this pipkin when he put it into the oven. He could not help thinking, therefore, that the salt alone must be the cause of the glazing.

Rich. But was it really the salt, papa, that produced this effect?

Mr. Bill. Yes: what Robinson now discovered by chance has been long known in Europe; the addition of salt is the true cause why many things turn to glass in the fire: so that he only need have rubbed the earthen ware with salt water, or barely have thrown a little salt into the oven when heated, and immediately all his pots would have been properly glazed.

This, therefore, he resolved to try the next day. And now the fire blazed under his oven, and already he had rubbed some of his vessels

with salt water, and put dry salt in others, on purpose to make the two experiments at the same time, when, in the midst of his work, he was interrupted by an accident which he had dreaded a long time—he was taken ill.

He felt pains in his breast and head, and a great weariness all over his limbs, and was threatened with the most terrible situation that a man can possibly experience.

“Good Heaven!” said he to himself; “what will become of me if I cannot rise out of bed! if there is no compassionate being to take care of me, and come to my assistance in my illness! no friend to wipe off the sweat of death from my forehead, or offer me any refreshment!—Heavens! what will become of me!”

Sinking under the weight of his distress, as he said these words he fell to the ground, quite exhausted.

Ah! it was in this moment of trial that he had more occasion than ever to possess a firm and filial confidence in his heavenly Father, who is every where present, and supremely

premely good. Deprived of all human assistance, forsaken by his own strength, what remained to prevent his dying in misery? Nothing but the assistance of God; no other support had he to expect in the whole world.

He was on the ground in an agony of distress; his hands were clasped strongly together; and, unable to speak, unable to think, he looked stedfastly up towards heaven. "Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord! Mercy!" was all that he could utter now and then, fetching at the same time most heavy sighs and groans.

But this state of anxiety did not suffer him long to remain inactive. He mustered up what strength he had still remaining, in order, if possible, to place near his bed whatever he should most want for refreshment, that he might not be entirely destitute of it, in case the sickness absolutely prevented him from rising. He was barely able to carry a couple of cocoa-nut shells full of water, and place them beside his bed. He next laid some roasted potatoes there, and four lemons

which he had still remaining, and then, not able to stir an inch farther, he fell down with weariness on his miserable bed.

If it had pleased his Maker to take him out of the world by a sudden death, how contentedly would he have yielded up his life! He even prayed that it might be so; but very soon he reflected that this prayer was not reasonable. "Am I not a child of God?" said he to himself; "Am I not the work of his hands? Is he not my father, and a tender, wise, and almighty father? How have I, then, the boldness to prescribe to him what he should do with me? Doth he not know best what is good for me, and will he not act so as to allot me that which is good? Yes, he will; God is benevolent, merciful, and almighty. Be at rest, then, O my soul; turn thee to thy Maker in those moments of discomfort—towards thy God—who delivers from all distresses! He will assist thee, he will assist thee, whether in life or in death!"

After these words he was somewhat encouraged, and raising himself upon his knees, he

he prayed with all the earnestness possible, saying, "I resign myself to thee, O my heavenly Father; I resign myself to thy fatherly guidance! Dispose of me according to thy good pleasure. I will bear contentedly whatsoever thou allottest me; only grant me strength to bear—it is all that I ask of thee. O merciful Father, grant me patience under my afflictions, and an unshaken confidence in thee. Hear this prayer, this only earnest prayer of thy poor child who is in misery; hear it for thy tender mercy's sake!"

At the same time he was attacked with a violent ague. Though he covered himself all over with the dried lama skins, yet he could not keep himself warm. This cold fit lasted full two hours, and was succeeded by a hot fit, which was like a burning fire through all his veins. His breast, by the violent beating of his pulse, heaved and sunk like the breast of a person that is out of breath with running. In this terrible situation he had scarce strength enough to lift the cocoa-nut

shell, with the water in it, to his mouth, that he might cool his burning tongue.

At length a violent sweat broke out all over his body in great drops, and that afforded him some ease. When, at the end of about an hour, it abated, he recovered his spirits a little, and then he was distressed with the idea that his fire would go out if fresh wood was not put on. He crept, therefore, weak as he was, upon all fours, and threw as much wood upon the hearth as would be sufficient to keep in the fire until the next morning; for night was now approaching.

It was the worst night that ever he passed in his life. The cold and hot fit of his ague followed each other without intermission. He had a violent and continual pain in his head, and could not close his eyes the whole night. All this weakened him so much, that in the morning he was scarcely able to crawl towards the heap of wood to replenish his fire.

Towards evening his illness encreased afresh;

afresh; he tried again to go as far as the hearth, but for this time he found himself unable. He was obliged, therefore, to give up all thoughts of keeping in his fire; and this, in effect, soon became a matter of indifference to him, as he now expected death to approach in a short time.

This night was as restless as the last. In the mean time the fire went out; the remainder of the water that was in the cocoa-nut shells began to spoil, and Robinson was no longer able to turn himself in his bed. He thought he felt the approach of death, and his joy on this account afforded him sufficient strength to prepare himself for his last journey with a devout prayer.

He again humbly asked forgiveness of God for his sins, and then thanked him for all the blessings that he had vouchsafed him—unworthy as he was—during the whole course of his life. But, particularly, he thanked him for the afflictions which had been sent him for his amendment, and he acknowledged sincerely how wholesome they

had been to him. Lastly, he prayed for the comfort and happiness of his poor parents ; after which, he recommended his immortal soul to the eternal mercy of his God and Father.—He then settled himself, and waited for death with joyful hope.

And, indeed, death seemed to advance fast: his pains encreased, his breast began to rattle, and his breathing became more and more difficult. Ah ! behold the wished-for moment ! It seems to come at length. A pain, such as he had not felt before, seized his breast ; he suddenly stopped breathing, felt a convulsive shuddering, sunk down on his bed, and was deprived of sense and motion.

All the young company remained silent for a pretty long time, and by their sorrow shewed the respect that they bore to the memory of their friend whom they had never seen—“Poor Robinson !” cried some of them, sighing. “Heaven be praised !” said others ; “he is now delivered out of all his pain !” And thus they separated for that evening, rather more quietly and with more appearance of thoughtfulness than usual.

TWELFTH EVENING.

CHARLOTTE. Well, papa, what will you read us this evening?

Mr. Bill. You all seem to expect, my dears, that I should read you something instructive and amusing for this evening. What say ye? Shall I go on with the adventures of Robinson Crusoe?

Charlotte. How! why Robinson is dead.

Rich. Do not be in a hurry, Charlotte. He may have recovered. Don't you remember that we thought him dead once before? And yet he was alive.

Mr. Bill. We left Robinson, after his convulsive shuddering, fallen into a swoon, deprived of sense and motion, and, in short, more dead than alive: nevertheless, he came to himself again, and recovered his senses and faculties.

The Children. Ah! that is right—we are all of us glad that he is not dead.

Mr. Bill. The first token of his breathing again was a deep sigh. He opens his eyes, looks round him to know where he is. At that moment he doubts his being alive; but his doubts are soon removed. He, then, falls into a fit of melancholy, and, in his present situation, would have preferred death to life.

He feels himself very weak, but free from all troublesome pain. The burning heat, which tormented him before, is now succeeded by a kindly sweat all over his body. To encourage it, he covers himself well up with skins, and before half an hour was at an end, he found himself considerably relieved.

But now he was seized with a violent thirst. The water that remained was no longer drinkable: luckily, he thought of his lemons: he put one of them to his mouth, and so weak was he that his teeth could scarcely enter it; but when he had sucked a little of the juice, he found himself greatly refreshed,

refreshed, and his thirst quenched. He now composed himself to rest, his perspiration still continuing, and enjoyed an agreeable slumber until sunrise.

How pleasing was the sense of his existence at present, compared with what he had felt the day before ! The violence of his disorder was entirely abated ; nothing remained of it but an excessive weakness. He found his appetite return already ; he took a roasted potatoe, and sprinkled it with a drop of lemon-juice, to render it less insipid and more refreshing.

For two days past he had taken no notice of his lamas ; they now afforded a moving sight : some of them looked at him, and seemed to ask if he were recovered yet. Fortunately these animals, as well as camels, can do without drinking for several days, otherwise they would have been very badly off, having never wet their lips for two days. Besides, Robinson being yet too weak to rise and fetch them water, they were

were likely to be deprived of it still for some time.

The oldest of the lamas having come up close to him, he exerted the little strength that he had in milking her, that she might not go dry. Her milk, no doubt, assisted Robinson's recovery; for, after drinking it, he found himself considerably better.

After this, he fell asleep again, enjoyed a most refreshing slumber, and did not awake until sunset. He perceived that his appetite was increased: he satisfied it again with some potatoes sprinkled with lemon-juice, and then went to sleep once more.

This calm, uninterrupted sleep, together with his good constitution, contributed so effectually to the recovery of his strength, that the very next morning he was able to rise and attempt to walk a few steps, though he still staggered with weakness.

He crawled out of his cave into the space before it. There he lifts up his eyes to Heaven. Some beams of the rising sun, piercing

piercing through the leaves of the trees that surrounded him, shone agreeably on his face, and re-animated him with their pleasing warmth. He thought he felt himself receive new life. "Eternal source of being!" cried he, "God of my life! what thanks shall I render thee for giving me to behold, once more, the bright star of day, and by its light the wonderful works of thy hands! Receive my gratitude, for that thou didst not forsake me when all forsook me; for that thou hast restored me to life afresh, doubtless, in order that I may have more time to devote to repentance, and that I may not waste a moment of my remaining life without forwarding that work, the only *one thing needful*, that I may ever be found ready to take my flight towards the place of man's eternal destination, where each shall receive the reward of his good or bad actions."

From these effusions of gratitude towards his Creator, he naturally passed to the admiration of the creatures. His looks wandered, sometimes, over the immensity of heaven's

heaven's azure vault; sometimes over the fresh and smiling verdure of the trees and shrubs, besprinkled with pearly dew; sometimes on his lamas, which, by crowding round him, seemed to caress him and express their joy. He felt a pleasing emotion, like that of a traveller, who, after a long absence, enters, once more, the bosom of his beloved family. His heart being moved with tenderness, and overflowing with the kindest sentiments, which sought, as it were, to expand themselves, he shed a flood of tears; but they were tears of the purest joy.

The advantage of being able to take the air, and the use of milk mixed with spring water, together with the contentedness of his mind, contributed to his perfect recovery. In a few days all his strength returned, and he found himself in a capacity to begin again his former occupations.

He went first to examine his new-made earthen ware, and to see how it had succeeded. As soon as he opened the oven, what an

an agreeable surprise ! All his vessels were as well glazed as if they had been the work of an experienced potter. In the height of his joy for this success, he does not perceive that his ware is of no use to him ; he forgets that his fire is out. When, at length, he recollected this circumstance, he stood motionless for a while, and, hanging his head, fixed his eyes, sometimes on his pots, sometimes on his fire-place, and ended with heaving a deep sigh.

Nevertheless, he was able this time to moderate his vexation, and to contain it within due bounds. " The same good Providence," said he to himself, " which before provided you with fire, has always more than one way at hand to provide you with it again, and you will not be deprived of it, if Heaven thinks fit." Besides, he was already taught that he had not the rigors of winter to fear ; and though he was accustomed, from his childhood, to live chiefly on meat, yet he hoped to be able, and not in-

conve-

conveniently, to do without it, and live upon fruits and the milk of his lambs.

Charlotte. Why, he might have used his smoked meat for victuals; there would have been no necessity for dressing it.

Mr. Bill. That is true; but how was he to have smoked meat?

Charlotte. Oh! I forgot that.

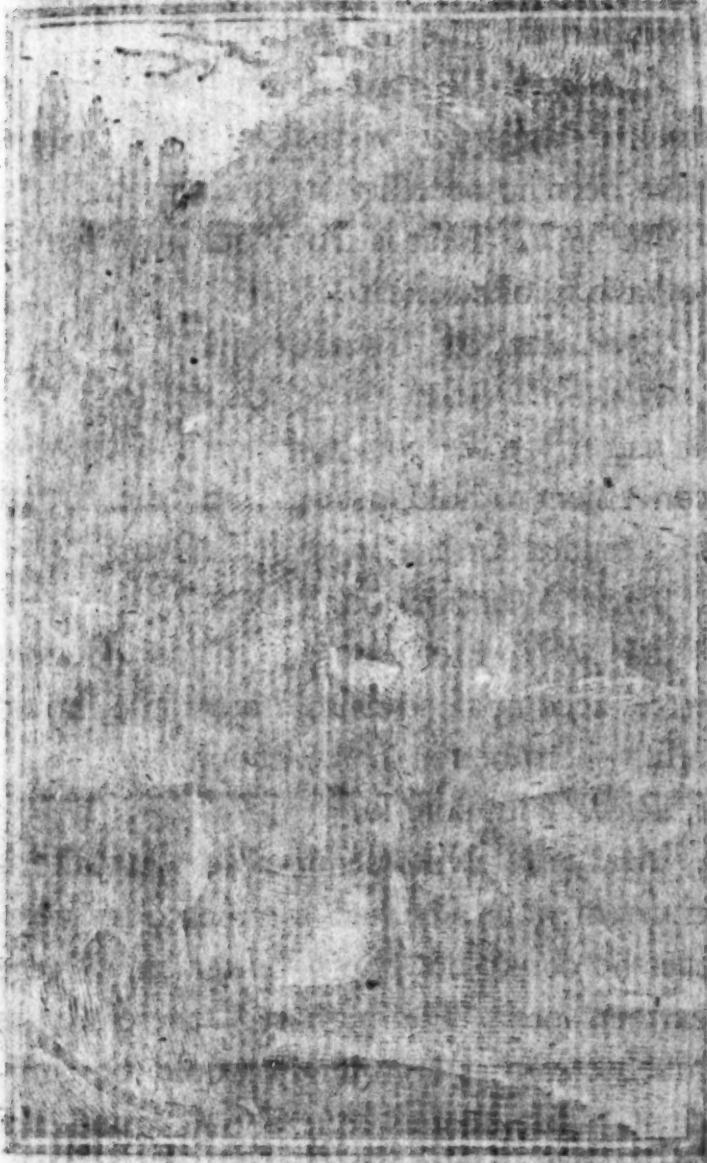
Mr. Bill. After all, he was not sorry that he had made the pots and pans: they were convenient to hold his milk, and the largest he intended for a very particular use.

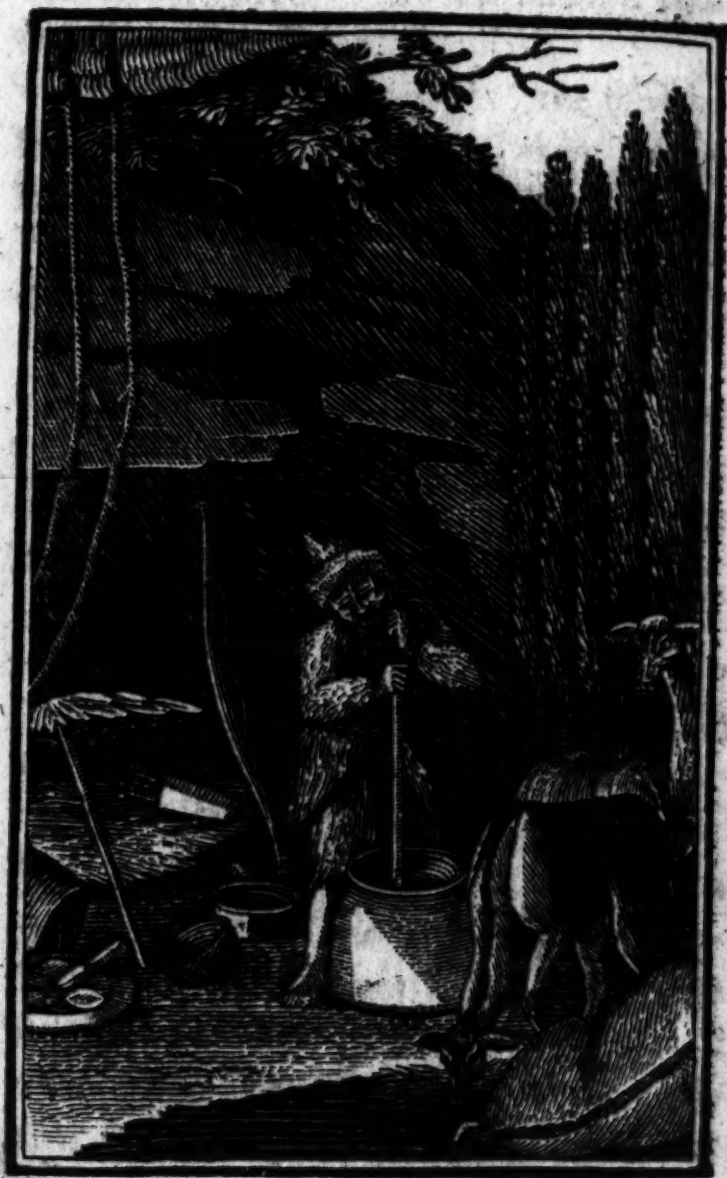
Rich. What was that?

Mr. Bill. He thought, if his potatoes were accompanied with butter, he should relish them better than without.

Rich. I suppose so.

Mr. Bill. Not being able to make a churn of wood, he had a mind to try whether he could not churn butter in a large earthen pot. He gathered, therefore, as much cream as he thought would be sufficient. He shaped out also a round flat piece of wood, in the center of which he made





made a hole to receive a stick. This instrument he held upright in the cream pot, and moved it with an incessant motion up and down, up and down, until the butter was, at length, separated from the butter-milk. He then washed the butter in clean spring-water, and made it up with a little salt.

He was now, once more, happy in the accomplishment of his design; but, at the very moment when he was going to reap the fruits of his industry and perseverance, he recollected that he must think no more of potatoes, for want of fire to roast them; a circumstance which, in the warmth of executing his design, he had never once thought of. He has butter, but he can make no use of it; he looks at it, he wishes for it, he puts it from him, he grows sorrowful. Disappointed in his hopes, he finds himself just as he was at first, in danger of wanting every thing. It is true, the oysters, the milk, the cocoa-nuts, and flesh, either raw or dried in the sun, might afford him nourishment; but

but was it certain that no accident would deprive him of these resources? And the most deplorable of all was, that he could invent no means to render his unhappy lot better or more secure.

What shall he undertake now? Whatever his hands, without the help of tools, were capable of performing, he has already executed; and it seems now as if he had nothing left to do but to pass the remainder of his life in idleness and sleep. Dreadful destiny! He cannot bear the thought of it. He was now become so accustomed to work, that he could not live without employing his time in some useful occupation. In the latter part of his life, he would often say, that his reformation was principally owing to this single circumstance; that he was constrained, when in solitude, and deprived of all assistance, to provide for his wants himself by persevering labour; and he would add, "Constant employment is the mother of a crowd of virtues, as habitual idleness is the source of all vice."

Rich.

Rich. He was very right; when one has nothing to do, one thinks of nothing but follies and nonsense.

Mr. Bill. It is even so; and, therefore, young persons are advised to accustom themselves early to employment. The character that we chiefly put on when we are young, as idleness or industry, activity or slowness, virtue or wickedness, generally remains with us all our lives.

Edw. We should apply that to ourselves.

Mr. Bill. Do so, my dear children, and conduct yourselves accordingly: you will never repent it. Our unfortunate Robinson turned and turned again on every side, to try what he might undertake in order to avoid idleness. At length he found an employment. Can you guess what it was?

Rich. Were I in his place, I know what I would have done.

Mr. Bill. Ay! Let us hear your plan.

Rich. I would have undertaken to tan the lama skins, that their stiffness might not hurt me when I put them on. Besides, the hair

hair must be very inconvenient in a country where the heat is so excessive.

Mr. Bill. How would you have set about it?

Rich. Oh! I know very well how the tanners do. We have been more than once to see them at work.

Mr. Bill. Well.

Rich. First they put the raw hides in water, and let them steep there for some days; from thence they carry them to the *leg*, on which they scrape them, to force out the water with which they are soaked. After sprinkling them with salt, they cover them up carefully to keep the air from them. This they call *sweating* the skins. In fact, they do sweat whilst in this situation: it is easy to perceive a steam issue from them. Thus prepared, they are easily deprived of their hair, which is done by scraping them again. After this part of the work, they put the skins into what is called the *tan*, composed of leaven, the bark of birch tree, and a sharp liquor made with oak bark.

Lastly,

Lastly, they place them in the tan vat, where they sprinkle them with a liquor made also of oak bark, and from hence they take them out to *carry* or *dress* them; in a word, to put the finishing hand to them.

Mr. Bill. Very well, my little friend; but do you know for what use skins thus prepared by the tanners are intended?

Rich. Oh! yes: they are made into shoes, boots, coach-harness, and many other things.

Mr. Bill. Other things which do not require so soft and pliable a leather as that; for instance, of which gloves are made.

Rich. Oh! no.

Mr. Bill. Who is it, then, that prepares this sort of leather?

Rich. The skinner or fellmonger: but we have never been in the workshop of any who follow that business.

Mr. Bill. Robinson was nearly in the same predicament. He had never been in the workshop either of tanner or fellmonger, consequently he could not endeavour to imitate either of them.

Edw. Then how does the fellmonger manage his skins?

Mr. Bill. He begins like the tanner, with this difference, that he does not steep the skins either in tan or in lime, (for this is also used by the tanners,) but he makes use of warm water, with bran and leaven, and afterwards a lee of ashes:—but we will go some day and see them at work.

Rich. If he had known the business even as well as any skinner, he could not have attempted to dress skins for want of bran and leaven.

Mr. Bill. That is clear: so that he was obliged to give up all thoughts of it.

Edw. But how, then, did he intend to employ himself?

Mr. Bill. His thoughts were employed night and day about building a little boat.

Rich. What use did he intend to make of it?

Mr. Bill. Do you ask what use? To try, by means of it, to return amongst his fellow-creatures, and to deliver himself from the

the solitude to which he was confined against his will, and which was become more dismal to him ever since he was deprived of fire. He had reason to think that the continent of America was not far off; and he was determined, if he had a canoe, be it ever so slight, to face every danger, and land, if possible, on this continent. Full of this idea, he hastened out one day to seek and make choice of a tree, which he might convert into a boat, by hollowing out the trunk of it. With this design he traversed several parts of the island where he had never been before, and remarked, in his way, several plants that were unknown to him, and on which he resolved to make experiments, to find whether they would answer the purpose of food. Amongst others, he observed some stalks of maize, or Indian corn, as it is called.

Edw. What, that sort of corn of which you have two fine ears hanging up in the back parlour?

Mr. Bill. The same. He admired the

largeness of the heads, or, more properly speaking, the ears, on each of which he reckoned more than two hundred large grains, closely ranged, one beside the other, and resembling grains of coral. He had not the least doubt but this corn might be used for food, or even for bread. But how was it to be ground? How was the flour to be separated from the bran? How was it to be made into bread, or, indeed, into food of any sort, without the help of fire? Notwithstanding all these considerations, he carried off some ears of it with him, intending to sow the grains. "How do I know," said he, "but I may reap considerable advantage from these in the end?"

A little further on he discovered a fruit tree of a species quite new to him. From this tree hung vast numbers of large husks, one of which he opened, and found in it about sixty nuts of a particular sort. Though they were not very agreeable to the taste, yet he put one or two of the ripest husks into his pouch.

Rich.

Rick. But what fruit might that be?

Mr. Bill. They were cacao-nuts, of which they make chocolate.

Edw. Ah! now he may have chocolate for the future.

Mr. Bill. Not so fast. In the first place, he does not know that he has chocolate-nuts in his possession: besides, these nuts should be roasted, then bruised, and ground up with sugar; and, we all know, he was as little provided with sugar as with fire. In order to improve the flavour of the chocolate, they commonly add different sorts of spices, as cardamum, vanilla, and cloves: but these were unnecessary niceties to be deprived of, which gave him not the least concern in comparison with the want of fire.

At length he came to another tree, which was as little known to him as the former. The fruit of it was as large as that of the cocoa-nut tree, but had neither husk nor shell: the whole was eatable and of an exquisite flavour. This tree was also quite

differently shaped from the cocoa-nut tree. It did not consist, like the latter, of a trunk which rises straight up its whole height, and bears a topping of thick foliage; but this had branches and leaves, like those of our fruit trees. He learned afterwards that it was the bread tree, so called because its fruit serves the natives for bread, sometimes just as it grows, but more commonly pounded and made into a sort of dough.

He observed, that the trunk of this tree from its great age, was already a little hollowed on one side, and immediately he thought it would answer for the boat that he had in contemplation, if he could only find means to cut it down and hollow it sufficiently. But then to cut down so useful a tree, while, on the other hand, it was uncertain whether he should ever be able to make a canoe of it!—this thought startled him. After weighing every thing for and against it, in his own mind for a long time, he carefully marked the spot, that he

might

might find it again, and went away without having determined upon any thing.

In his walk he found what he had long wished for, a parrot's nest. The discovery gave him a great deal of pleasure. He went towards it without the least noise, and was stretching out his hands to clap them on the nest, when the young parrots, which were strong and well fledged, took to flight, and escaped from him all but one, more slow than the rest, which could not get away, and remained his prisoner. He hastened therefore, home to his habitation, more pleased than if he had found a treasure.

Edw. But what great advantage did he expect from a parrot?

Mr. Bill. He hoped to teach him to pronounce some words, that he might have the satisfaction of hearing a voice which imitated that of man. As to us who live in society, who enjoy the happiness of seeing men every day, and hearing them, and conversing with them, we, perhaps, may look upon it as a very trifling and childish satisfaction which Robinson promised to himself from

hearing the parrot's chatter; but if we place ourselves in the same circumstances with him, we shall easily be sensible, that what to us, in our present condition, appears but a shadow of pleasure, must afford substantial satisfaction to poor Robinson in his state of solitude.

When he came home, he made a cage as well as he could, in which he lodged his new guest, placed it on one side of his bed, and went to rest with a mind as happy and rejoiced as that of a man who had gained a new friend.

THIRTEENTH EVENING.

MR. Bill. I have assembled you this evening sooner than usual, because my dears, I intend to hold a consultation with you before I go on with the story.

The

The Children. Well, papa, we are now all in our places. What is to be the subject?

Mr. Bill. It is a question which has disturbed Robinson's mind all night, and has not suffered him to close his eyes a moment.

The Children. What could it be?

Mr. Bill. It is this. Shall he cut down the bread tree which he saw the day before, or leave it standing as it is, uncertain whether he should ever be able to make a boat of it?

Rich. I should be far from meddling with it.

Edw. For my part, I would cut it down.

Mr. Bill. Here are two opposite votes, one for cutting down, the other for preserving the tree. Let us hear those who have not spoken yet on the subject.

Geo. I am of the same way of thinking with Richard.

Charlotte. And so am I, papa, we must let the tree stand.

Henry. No; it must be cut down; the unfortunate Robinson must have a canoe.

Harriet. Indeed I think so too.

Mr. Bill. The voices are divided, and equal on both sides. Let those who are for cutting down the tree come on my right hand, and those who are of the contrary opinion on my left. Very well; both parties face each other. Let us now hear the reasons that each will advance in favour of his opinion. Richard shall speak first, and tell us why he is for saving the tree.

Rich. Because it bears a valuable fruit, and the species is rare upon the island.

Edw. It is but an old tree; the advantage of gathering fruit from it will not last long.

Rich. How can you tell that? It has but a slight hollow in it as yet; and how many trees do we see, the trunks of which, though hollow, do not hinder them from bearing fruit for many years?

Harriet. Let Robinson only graft a few slips

ships of this tree, he will be sure to preserve the species.

Geo. Ay! Do they grow up and bear fruit so soon? Four or five years may very well pass before he has any fruit.

Harry. And is it not better to have a canoe, and return to the society of men, than to stay in his island, though he were to feed ever so plentifully upon the bread made of the fruit of this tree?

Rob. Why, ay, if the canoe could be finished so very soon. But how is he to cut down this tree? How is he to hollow it out, with nothing but a stone hatchet?

Edw. Let him work with perseverance; let him not be impatient: I dare say he will accomplish it at last.

Geo. But he has no sail. What voyage can he undertake in an open boat?

Harriet. He may use oars.

Charlotte. A pretty notion indeed! Do not you remember when we were in a boat down the river, near Putney, and one of the watermen's oars broke, he was obliged to

go ashore and borrow another, as he said we could not be rowed home with only one?

Edw. Oh! that was a large boat, and there were nine or ten of us in it. But Robinson, in his little skiff, wants nothing but a pair of oars to guide himself happily far away from his present solitary habitation.

Mr. Bill. You see, my dear children, the question is not so easy to resolve. None of the reasons that you have mentioned on both sides had escaped Robinson's attention. He had passed the whole night in reflecting, for to examine whether it be more convenient to do a thing, or not to do it, is called *reflecting*. Ever since Robinson had felt the bitter consequences of his hasty resolution to travel, he had made it a law with himself never to undertake any thing without first maturely reflecting upon it; and in the present case, also, he determines to observe that law. Having turned the question and examined it in every point of view, he found it came to no more than this: Whether it be reasonable to sacrifice a slight, but certain

certain advantage to a great one, but uncertain? Here he recollected the fable of the dog, which, swimming across a river with a piece of meat in his mouth, lost it by endeavouring to snatch at the reflection of it in the water. He remembered, on the other hand, the custom of husbandmen, who sacrifice grain which they might make use of, but do it with the hope of being richly repaid by a plentiful harvest.

"Yes," said he to himself, "the dog's greediness was folly; he caught at a vain shadow, which it was impossible for him to possess. But the hope of the husbandman, on the other hand, is well founded, and his conduct sensible; he has in view a real advantage, though, it is true, some accidents may hinder him from obtaining it."

"Am I not, therefore, in the situation of the farmer? With persevering labour, may I not hope to succeed, at length, in making a canoe out of this old tree? And if my first undertaking succeeds, does reason forbid me to expect that I may escape from this
solitary

solitary island, and arrive, by means of my canoe, at some place inhabited by men?"

This thought, so flattering to his warmest wishes, made a lively impression on him, so that he started up that moment, took his hatchet, ran to the tree, and cut into it.

If ever he undertook a long and troublesome task, it was certainly this. A thousand other men would have been discouraged; the hatchet would have fallen out of their hands after the first stroke; they would have looked upon the undertaking, if not extravagant, at least as impossible. But we have seen already, that Robinson made it a rule never to suffer himself to be turned from his purpose when he had well considered it; he was, therefore, unshaken in his resolution of going through with this enterprize. Were it to cost him twice the time and fatigue that it required, yet the thought of giving it up would never enter his head. From the sun's rising till about noon, he never ceased working, and then his hand would have covered or filled up the hole that he had made in the
trunk





trunk by the thousands of strokes which he laid on it. From this we may form some idea how long a time it will require him to cut down a tree of such a thickness, and to make a boat of it.

Being convinced that it would be a work of some years, he thought proper to regulate his occupations, and divide his time, so that each part of the day might have its own work allotted to itself. Experience had taught him, that, in a life of labour, nothing helps industry so much as regularity, and a methodical distribution of the work to the different hours of the day. I will give you an account of the division that he made of his time and his occupations, each of which had its peculiar portion of the day to itself. He rose at break of day, and went directly to the spring, where he washed his head, hands, breast, and feet. Having no linen to wipe himself dry, he let the air dry his body, and assisted it by running, as he generally did, straight home to finish dressing himself. He then went up to the top of the hillock

at

at the foot of which his cave was situated. His sight being then hindered by no object, he traversed, at one view, all the beauties of nature that were comprised in this vast horizon. The sight elevated his soul. In the posture, therefore, which he thought most respectful, and in the sincerity of his heart, he worshipped and prayed to the Author of all Things; and never failed particularly to entreat that he would make his parents happy, whom, though he had forsaken, he never forgot. He then returned to his cave, and milked his lamas, which were now increased in number to a little flock. He breakfasted on some of the new milk, and the rest he put up in his cellar. These were the cares that employed the first hour of the day.

Now, being provided with whatever was necessary to his security or his convenience in working, he went down, if it was low water, to the sea side, where he gathered what oysters he could find for his dinner; if not, he repaired immediately to the tree of which

which he intended to make a canoe. His lambs generally followed him, and grazed about while he was at work.

About ten o'clock the heat was generally so excessive that he was obliged to quit his work. He then went to the sea-side to look for oysters, if he had not found any in the morning, and at the same time to bathe, which he did regularly twice a day. Before noon he returned home with his flock.

He now milked his lambs a second time, prepared a sort of cheese from the milk which had curdled, and then laid out his dinner, which, being tolerably frugal, was soon done. It consisted of new cheese dipped in milk, some oysters, and half a cocoa-nut. There was one circumstance of which he had no reason to complain, and that was, that he had not by half so great an appetite in this hot country as people generally have in cold climates: yet, as he was accustomed from his childhood to eating meat, he longed for it, and, in order to satisfy his wish as far as was possible, had recourse

recourse to his scheme of drying it in the sun. At dinner time, he amused himself with his parrot; he spoke to it, and frequently repeated certain words, with the hope of hearing it pronounce some of them one day or another.

Henry. What did he feed it with?

Mr. Bill. Parrots, when they are wild, generally feed upon cocoa-nuts, acorns, the seed of gourds, and other such matters: when tame, they are fed with whatever is fit for a man to eat: so that Robinson was very well able to keep his with cheese and cocoa-nuts.

After dinner, he commonly reposed himself, for an hour, either under the shade in the open air, or else in his cave surrounded by his lamas, and with his parrot at his side. Sometimes, as he sat, he would fix his eyes upon these animals, and speak to them (like a child that speaks to its doll), as if he expected them to understand what he said. So necessary did he find it to communicate his ideas and his sentiments to living creatures,

cures, that he often forgot the impossibility of his being understood by the animals which surrounded him. When his parrot, which he called Poll, repeated a word distinctly, in the height of his joy he would imagine that he had heard the voice of a man. He forgot island, lamas, parrot, and all; his fancy made him suppose himself in the midst of human creatures again. But soon recovering from this pleasing illusion, and finding himself in a dismal solitude, he would sigh heavily, and breathe forth this short expression of complaint, "Poor Robinson!"—About two o'clock——

Edw. How could he always tell what hour it was?

Mr. Bill. He did as husbandmen sometimes do; he observed the height of the sun, and judged from thence that it was such or such an hour nearly.—About two o'clock he returned to the tree to work at his grand design. He continued two hours each time at this laborious task, and then returned to the beach to bathe himself again, and to gather

then more oysters. The rest of the day he spent in working at his garden. Sometimes he sowed maize, or planted potatoes, hoping that, if he should ever have fire again, they might both be of great advantage to him. Sometimes he grafted from the bread tree; sometimes he watered the young grafts; sometimes he would plant a quickset hedge to enclose his garden; sometimes he cropped the willows which surrounded the space before his cave, he bent and fixed their branches in such a manner, that as they grew they might form a kind of bower.

Much to Robinson's grief, the longest day was, in his island, but thirteen hours. In the middle of summer it was night at seven o'clock. Whatever required daylight for the performance of it, must be finished before that time. Therefore, as night drew on, that is to say, about six o'clock, if he had no other more important business upon his hands, he went through his exercise.

Rich. What does that mean, papa?

Mr.

Mr. Bill. It means that he exercised himself at shooting with the bow, and throwing the spear, that he might be able to defend himself if he should happen to meet with a savage or a wild beast; for he was never perfectly free from the dread of these. By degrees, he acquired so great a degree of dexterity in both the exercises above mentioned, that he seldom missed a mark of the size of a crown, though at a pretty good distance from him. When night came on, he went home to milk his lammas for the third time, and took a moderate supper by the light of the moon or stars.

Lastly, he crowned the labours of the day by meditating at night upon his own conduct. Sometimes he went to sit upon the top of the hillock, from whence he could behold the starry vault of heaven at one view, and contemplate it with admiration. Sometimes, also, he took a walk upon the sea-side, to breathe the air freshened by the evening breeze. Then he would ask himself—“How have you spent the day?”

Having

Having received fresh mercies, have you blessed the divine source from which they flowed? Has your heart been filled with love and gratitude to your Heavenly Benefactor? In your trouble have you put your confidence in him? In your gratifications have you forgot him? Have you rejected the evil thoughts that offered themselves to your imagination? Have you suppressed the extravagant wishes that rose in your breast? In a word, are you become really better than you were?"

Whenever to these or the like questions his conscience could return a good answer, and testify that the state of his soul was comfortable, he sung a hymn to the praise of the Supreme Being who had assisted him in advancing one step in the road to virtue. When, on the contrary, he had reason to be not so well pleased with himself, the thoughts of having thus lost a day filled him with sorrow; for he counted the day lost when he had thought or done any thing which he could not approve at night.

Whenever

Whenever this was the case, then close by the notch that he made every day upon the tree which served him by way of almanack, he made two notches crossing each other; and this served to put him in mind of his fault, that for the future he might be better on his guard, and not fall into the same error.

Thus, my dear children, Robinson laboured to correct himself and to become better every day. Do you also sincerely resolve to form your hearts to virtue? I advise you to follow the example that he now gives you. Like him, reserve an hour privately every evening, to give an account to yourselves in silence of the manner in which you have spent the day; and, if you find, either in your thoughts, words, or actions, any thing which your consciences dare not avow, keep a book wherein you may mark down the same, to put you in mind of it from time to time, that, having before your eyes the fault of which you have once been guilty, you may ever after-

wards take more care to avoid it. By thus labouring to improve yourselves every day, you will also continually encrease your own satisfaction and happiness.

My dear children, I doubt not that you will afford me every proof of your attention and docility, and this very night begin to to put in practice the good advice which I have just now given you.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

